THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856.

Established August 4, 1821. Whole Number Issued 1825.

THE OLD CLOCK IN THE HALL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It stands in the corner of the room
Behind the door, in the shade and the gloom,
In a heavy and antique case,
Rich mahogany, maple and oak,
Battered and scratched, and dim with smoke,
And the hands are bent on the face!

The knob and hinges are red with rust,
The top o' th' mouldings covered with dust,
The panels are yellow with stains,
And a ragged web, like a tattered pall,
Runs from its side to the sombre wall,
And over the window panes.

The pendulum swings, the wheels go round,
Making a dull monotonous sound,
As the vanishing moments fleet;
A "tick," like the falling of grains of sand,
As Time was pouring from out his hand
The dust of years at his feet!

Years have vanished—forgotten years—
With all their sorrows and sins and tears,
And left their marks in the hall;—
The old have died—the young grown old—
Generations have gone to mould,
And the clock survives them all.

Beautiful girls have watched the hours,
Knitting at stands, or working flowers
In frames of 'broidery fine—
And mornings, the young folks playing late
Wished the moments fettered to "eight,"
For the school began at "nine!"

Mothers, with sons in distant lands,
Sorrowing, chid its tardy hands,
And dreamed of the meeting dear—
And wives, whose husbands returned at night,
Marked the time in the fading light,
And listened for footsteps near!

Blushing brides, at their toilets gay,
In snowy robes on the happy day,
Have waited the hour to wed;
And sick folks, tossing on beds of pain,
Gazed at the clock again and again,
And watched beside the dead!

But years have vanished, and others fill
Their place, and the old clock standeth still,
Ticking as in its prime:—
Summer and winter, day and night,
A sexton chiming the hours' flight,
Tolling the knell of Time!

Pictures of Life.

EIGHT DAYS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MASANIELLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The next day, with ten thousand men, he attacked and carried the fort of San Lorenzo, where he finds a quantity of arms and ammunition, and eighteen cannon, which he stations in the different squares in the city. Then he reviews his army composed of 112,000 soldiers more or less worthy of the name. He improvised a regiment of cavalry by seizing all the horses he meets, and one of artillery by mounting the pieces upon hand-carts. *Finally*, he surrounds himself, at his head-quarters, with a chosen guard of seven or eight thousand men.

This head-quarters is still on the market-place. The fisherman-king-judge-pontiff-general is there enthroned in his rags, upon a rich staging covered with a canopy, attended by his lieutenants Perrone and Palumbo, by Marco Vitale, his secretary, and by Genovino, his counsellor. He directs with Herculean activity, and sometimes with the genius of a statesman, and the eloquence of a prophet, the government, the police, religion, war, justice, and diplomacy. He decides with a word the most complicated law-suits and questions. When he hesitates he pretends to scratch his ear, and Genovino whispers his advice to him.

Two alone of the nobles, urged on by the viceroy, dared to attack the popular idol: the Duc of Maddaloni and his brother Don Carafa. Maddaloni a great lord and a libertine, a protector of mountain brigands, bought at a great price Perrone's treason. In the midst of a ceremony at the church of the Carmel, the fisherman saw three hundred peasants on horseback and armed press through the crowd in front of the church. He was alarmed and was about to repulse the strangers; but Perrone advanced, declared them to be devoted auxiliaries, made them dismount, and even conducted them into the Virgin's church. All at once, just as the dictator was advancing with the Archbishop, an arquebus was discharged and a ball whistled past his ears. "Infamous!" he cried, and five other shots are aimed at him and miss him. Then, whilst Perrone made good his retreat, the people, seeing a miracle in the escape of their leader, fell upon the three hundred peasants and massacred them even at the foot of the altar, and in the arms of the monks and bishop. Their heads were stuck upon a row of poles around the market, and their bodies thrown to the dogs by the women and children.

Unable to find Maddaloni, the people seized Carafa in a convent. A butcher decapitated him at one blow. Another bit his foot, which he had kissed the day before; and recollecting that this foot had struck the Archbishop on Saint January's day, the crowd carried the remains, with the victim's head to Masaniello, who struck them with his staff of commander, pulled the moustaches, and, crowning the livid brow with gilded paper, caused it to be exposed upon the square surrounded by similar trophies.

It was in such excesses as these that the intoxication of power and revenge led the poor Neapolitan fisherman! and to secret remorse also; for his heart was still pure, and his mind clear, and he could not stifle the voice which cried in his soul, or forget the sweet vision of Amalfi which came up before him through blood and flames.

The next day he, himself, was frightened at the anarchy he had created, and the justiciary succeeding the executioner, recalls his assassins from their work. Though offering a reward for Maddaloni's head, he sets his friends and hirelings free. He seized a baker who sold with false weights, had him [illegible] in the public square, and then put to death. [illegible] forbade, upon pain of death, the wearing of [illegible] or long robes capable of concealing arms. He [illegible] from all his partisans a particular sign on [illegible] doors, an illumination every night, watch fires [illegible] the squares, full supplies of provisions, the making of ditches and barricades. And he was obeyed [illegible] by the Archbishop, who, with all his clergy, [illegible] donned the short coat, and by the greatest ladies of Naples, who had their skirts cut off above the ankles.

Such was the incredible influence of this lazzaroni; he was, to the people, no longer a man merely, but an envoy from God. Many thought he was John the Baptist, and revered him accordingly.

There was, however, one philosopher in whose eyes Masaniello was only a man. This was Basilio, the *taglia-topi*, the actor of five roles.

We have shown him in the first, we will now pass to the second.

Just as the fisherman-king, exhausted by the labors of the day, was stretching himself upon his miserable pallet, for this strange monarch, refusing palaces as he did purple and velvet, continued to occupy his poor house on the market-place, the rat-killer returned.

"Well! Guiseppe, have you had good luck?"

"Excellent, signor. I bring you a splendid *rat*." For Basilio was Masaniello's spy as well as the Duke's. Only, each believed he was for him and against the other, whilst he was in reality against both.

Basilio sold the Duke's secrets to Masaniello—except the one of the powder magazines, which he kept for himself: neither the viceroy nor the dictator being able to pay for such a *rat*.

"Do you know the Marquis of Chatillon?" asked the taglia-topi with a cautious air.

"The friend of Genovino, and the enemy of the Spaniards? I have seen him at work for two days past. He marches with all the French under our colors. By St. January! he is one of our most faithful friends."

"He is a traitor, signor."

Masaniello bounded as if bitten by a serpent.

"A traitor! in whose service? the Duke of Arcos?"

"No; but Mazarin's, or rather Henry of Guise. Chatillon is using your nets to fish back the crown of the Dukes of Anjou, the ancestors of his blood cousin.

And Basilio opened out all Chatillon's plan, his intrigues with the ambassador of France to Rome, and Mazarin's fleet already sailing for Naples, and the Duke of Guise prepared to make his entree there, under the pretext of offering aid to the people from Louis XIV.

The spy only kept back Chatillon's relations with Genovino, who he did not wish *yet* to render suspicious to the fisherman, and upon whom he had his own particular design.

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Masaniello, discrediting his senses, and coloring to think himself the tool of a foreigner.

"It is the real truth, and you will be convinced of it to-morrow. Chatillon's agents will make an effort to gain you over to their cause, and to arouse the people in favor of French protection."

"Ah! ah! we will see!" said the dictator proudly. Then falling from his loftiness into grief. "And my wife, Guiseppe, what news of her?" he asked in a stifled voice, after a long silence.

"She is in a fine room, at Castel Nuovo. She is treated with attention and respect. She has the grand terrace for a promenade; but seeing that the Spaniards ridiculed her vicereine dress, and being unable to obtain other clothes from her jailors, she tore her laces, threw her jewels into the sea, and took to her bed, sobbing and exclaiming—'Oh, my cottage at Amalfi! oh, Masaniello! what have you done?'"

The fisherman dropped his head and hid his face in his hands. Two big tears trickled down between his fingers. Then, suddenly rising, and flashing before Basilio's eyes a diamond worth twenty thousand crowns saved from the flames of the day before, for the payment of his guard of honor, "all this destruction," he cried, "does not revenge me against the Duc of Arcos. This diamond for you, Guiseppe, if you can find a revenge worth while."

"Give me the diamond, for here is the revenge," replied the rat-killer.

And revealing the great secret concerning Chatillon and the viceroy's daughter, he related how she had been carried away from Naples with her mother, and how she was going to return upon the news of the Duke's danger, sent to her at sea by the Marquis's care.

"The pilot-messenger returned two hours ago, and Marie d'Arcos will land to-night at the foot of Castel-Nuovo. Chatillon will watch for her, with some sailors; but a boat, with twenty men can take her before he can."

Basilio had scarcely finished, when Masaniello was up, and arming himself from head to foot—he threw a cloak over his shoulders, called his most resolute soldiers, and running to the port with them, sprang into a boat, and put out to sea.

Soon a boat approached them, and a voice cried through the darkness:

"Who goes there?"

The fisherman recognised Chatillon's voice, and replied, rising up like a phantom:

"Masaniello, your master! Give way to the head of the people! You will find, to-morrow, at my house, the one you are expecting here!"

Notwithstanding his extreme surprise, Chatillon would have remained, but his sailors, frightened, rowed off to the shore as fast as their oars could take them.

An hour afterwards, the viceroy's galley, entering the bay of Naples, was boarded and taken possession of by Masaniello, who in effect, found in it, the Duchess and Marie d'Arcos, whom he landed before daylight, and shut up, under a strong guard, in the Fort of San Lorenzo.

Then he sent the Captain of the galley to the Duc of Arcos, with these words: "Daughter for wife, my lord; if you have one hostage, I have two; and their heads shall answer for the Puzzolianne. We will treat as to exchange whenever you wish. In the meanwhile, I am going to show off two fish-women, as you showed off a vice-reine."

And the rising sun displayed a cart bearing Marie d'Arcos and her mother, dressed as fishermen, whilst the crowd overwhelmed them with insults as Masaniello's wife in her royal robes had been insulted by the Spaniards.

It was about this time that a stranger, disguised as a woman, approached Masaniello three different times, and whispered, with a foreign accent: "that fortune offered him a rich crown, if he would accept the alliance of a great nation. The fisherman recognized the temptation announced by Basilio, and replied that he aspired to no other crown than that of the Virgin, and that after having delivered the people from the taxes, he should take his basket and continue to sell his fish." At the same moment, a hundred persons announced, from group to group, "that a French prince was coming from Rome to aid the Neapolitans, with fifty big ships, twenty galleys, and a million of ducats." Then, a man named Luigi del Ferro, bound body and soul to Chatillon, at the head of a band of enthusiasts, raised a throne upon the market square, and placed upon it the image of Louis XIV., to which Masaniello, who observed it without saying anything, substituted that of Saint January, amid the applause of the multitude.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DUC DE GUISE.

Whilst all this was going on in the market-place, the rat-killer was playing his third role before Chatillon, who paid him as well as the Duc and the fisherman had done, and, like them, believed him his ally against them.

Twenty times since the preceding evening the Marquis had tried to see Masaniello, in order to learn what were his projects concerning Marie d'Arcos, to implore his clemency if danger threatened her, and above all to see her and take her guard upon himself. Twenty times the dictator had been inapproachable in the midst of his soldiers.

When finally Chatillon saw the Duchess and her daughter paraded through the streets upon their car of ignominy, he struggled more vainly yet to reach them through the pickets and guns which surrounded them. Repulsed from street to street, wounded by this iron hedge, he turned towards the people, and invoked their honor and pity. He came near being murdered as a traitor, and this was all he obtained by his despair.

It was then that he returned to his lodging, where he found Guiseppe Basilio.

"How," cried the exasperated Marquis, "how did the fisherman know of Marie's return, and why is he thus torturing her?"

"The how, I don't know," replied the spy, carelessly; "the why, explains itself. Masaniello revenges his wife by the law of retaliation. Triumph for triumph; nothing more natural."

"It is just," said the Marquis, "but it is horrible!"

"Console yourself," replied Basilio, laughing, "it is better, after all, that your beauty should be with your ally, than with her father. Masaniello's vengeance satisfied, he will allow you to see her this very day, and, conqueror, he will have you married to-morrow by the Archbishop. Besides, you are a man *per Dio*, and love, I imagine, is the smallest of your cares. Well! your poitics are more successful than your love."

"You have good news?"

"From home and abroad. The fisherman pretended to repulse your emissaries, and to remove Louis XIV.'s portrait from the throne; but he is moved to the very bottom of his soul. Fifty vessels and a million of ducats are not to be despised. The crowd had time to smile upon the French King's image. Your handsome cousin is already popular, and the Faubourgs have cried: 'Vive Henri de Guise!'"

"God hear them! But what is Guise himself doing—and why does he not answer me!"

"He has left Rome, and is approaching. Here is his last letter, dated at Fiumicino."

The Marquis, enchanted, opened and read the following despatch:—

"Dear Cousin, I rely upon your promises, and come at your call. I got into a carriage, day before yesterday, with Fontenay-Mareuil; I passed beneath the windows of Count d'Onate, the Spanish Ambassador; I dismounted and prayed before the miraculous crucifix of Saint Paul's Church, *extra muros*. There I took leave of Fontenay, and got upon my horse—my trumpet sounding—with my army composed of twenty-two friends, counting your envoys, my ammunitions of war, composed of six thousand pounds of powder, and my royal treasury, composed of four thousand pistoles. Here I am at *Fiumicino*, at the head of a squadron of eight nut-shells, here called feluccas. I have embarked my troops and my provisions upon the strongest—and I am going, like Cesar, to load the lighter part of my squadron with my person and my valet de chambre Canetti. You see the style in which I embark, at a sign from you, to reach the throne based upon a cloud, amid the tempest and Spanish guns. In two days at farthest, I shall be at the south of the isle of Ischia, where I shall await your counsel to go up the promised land. Your messengers will know my felucca by its green and dove-colored pennant—the colors of the future Queen of Naples.* *A hora et sempre.*

"HENRI, Duc de Guise.

"P. S. I forgot to tell you that Mazarin and his Ambassador only support us indirectly. These skillful politicians, not wishing to compromise themselves, offer me their vessels and their soldiers, at twenty leagues distance—and a million of livres down—for the day when my success will no longer require them. These illustrious rogues call that moral aid. What immorality! They don't believe much in our triumph, you see. We must force them to believe in it. When we have got the cake, they will deign to eat it with us;—but no matter as long as I have the throne, and you Marie d'Arcos. Speak and act always as if I was bringing to the Neapolitans Louis XIV's fleet, army, and money, which, for appearance sake, will be behind me in the *gulf*—watching us—and almost under my orders."

This letter renders it quite unnecessary for us to draw the author's portrait. It displays the wit, grace, boasting, temerity, the folly, even, of the abbe who had confounded the doctors in his examinations in canon and civil law, of the most adroit, active and brilliant cavalier of the age, of the prince who joined to the ambition of his race, the gallantry of an Amadis and the fantastic humor of a brigand chief.

Chatillon was so overjoyed that he forgot Marie d'Arcos for a moment; then, seeing his two projects realized at one stroke, he repaired to the head-quarters, where Masaniello had just arrived.

"Go, butterfly! go burn yourself at the blaze!" said the rat-killer, seeing him run into the street.

CHAPTER X.

THE CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

Going to the house of Genovino, who in his turn waited for him, Basilio acted his fourth role, and sold the duke's, fisherman's and marquis's *rats* to the servant.

Already discontented with the turn of affairs, and seeing that Masaniello and the people would only lead his ambition to the gibbet, the old sage adroitly turned round to the viceroy's side, by making him the following proposition, which he charged the spy to whisper in his ear:

"The rebels and their leader, compromised by their excesses, unable to do anything more except to ruin Spain by giving themselves to France, or to estrange France by returning to Spain, Genovino will make the balance lean to the side which will assure to him the only object of his humble wishes—the presidency of the tribunal of Sumaria."

"*Signor Presidente*, said Basilio," bowing down to the ground before the old man, your commission shall be performed in less than an hour, and you doubtless guess the viceroy's answer."

"I await it without either hope or fear," replied the servant; "you can add that to your communication."

* Alluding to Marie de Pons, with whom he was very much in love.

The *taglia-topi* resumed his mysterious rounds; but before going to Castel-Nuovo, he repaired to his hut on the square of the Carmel.

There, alone between four walls, laying aside his different masks and taking his true face, he wrote a page of hieroglyphics, of which this is the translation:

"To his Royal Highness, My lord Don Juan of Austria, Grand Prior of Castile, and Generalissimo of the Armies of His Majesty Philippe IV., King of Spain, in the first galley of the fleet, upon the coasts of the island of Sardinia.

"My lord, your Highness can come into the waters of Naples with his Catholic Majesty's fleet and soldiers. The fruit of the revolt is ripe, and ready to fall into your hands." (Here followed a detailed account of the events, and an entire revelation of the secrets we have passed in review, after which Basilio thus concluded): "In a word, I have succeeded in my divisions, in order that you may reign. I have embodied the nobility with the people, Masaniello with Chatillon, the Duc of Arcos with everybody. The viceroy is lost through his weakness, the dictator through his violence, the marquis through his trifling, the savant through his treasons. The latter, the most formidable of all of them, is going to pass, by fate, over to your Highness. All the lords at all to be feared are killed or ruined. All who survive can only be saved through you. As the fifty French vessels, anchored at Ponza, with five fire-ships and 4,000 men, under the orders of Vendome, are to do nothing until after some success on the part of the Duc de Guise, they will not, probably, fire a cartridge against your Highness,—especially if you carry off the aforesaid prince from the South of Ischia, where you will recognise his felucca by its colors, green and dove. At the worst, if your Highness is forced into a battle at sea, you are, I believe, sure of gaining it, and this victory will suffice to assure Naples to you, where your presence alone will make you triumph in the midst of anarchy. However, if it becomes necessary to fight the Neapolitans even in their city, I have found the means to disarm them at one blow, by submerging all the powder in the magazines and forts. At any rate, the Duc of Arcos will never dare to reappear at Naples. It is he who has had the simplicity to deliver the powder magazines into my power. He will be well convinced that he would have lost the kingdom without you and your protege; and he will himself lay his authority at the feet of your victorious Highness, and of his Excellency Count d'Onate."

Basilio made two copies of the letter, sent one to Don Juan of Austria, by sea, the other by land to the Count Ambassador, and then threw himself upon his bundle of straw like a man who has finished his day's work.

And here some explanation is necessary.

When the Duc of Arcos aspired to the Viceroyalty of Naples, his rival was Count Onate, supported by Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Philippe IV. In spite of the latter's influence, Arcos overcame Onate; but the prince and his favorite resolved to overthrow him, and to this end, the Count was sent Ambassador to Rome, from whence he could watch all that transpired at Naples. The revolt of the Neapolitans was admirably timed. Don Juan and Onate eagerly seized the opportunity thus presented, and the Generalissimo, in concert with the Ambassador, swore to subjugate both the odious Viceroy and his rebellious subjects. In the vast network which they stretched together, they encountered the *taglia-topi*, that marvellous agent who, in consideration of unlimited credit, and the promise of five hundred thousand livres on the double victory, placed in their hands, as we have seen, all the cords necessary to assure it to them.

And this is the reason of so many illustrious puppets: and the King of Spain's Lieutenant defending his prerogatives, and the Duc of Anjou's descendant, allured by a crown, and the Ambassador and the Prime Minister, and even the King of France, thinking to have one more State, and the people who sought liberty through blood and fire, and the fisherman who lost happiness and found crime in aspiring to glory, and the savant who fell into a pit while reading his elevation in the stars, and the two poor women desolated in the tenderness and illusions of their hearts, all danced, without knowing it, upon the theatre of Naples, in presence of attentive Europe, at the will of a beggar in rags, hidden behind the scenes.

Let us now follow Chatillon in his interview with Masaniello.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARQUIS AND THE FISHERMAN.

This time the Marquis succeeded in making his way to the presence of the fisherman, who received him very pleasantly.

He found him in his chamber with the painter Luzzaro, Lieutenant of the Company of Death.

Chatillon could not look upon this sinister face, which he had remarked at the head of the most ferocious avengers, without turning pale.

Giovanni Luzzaro was a hard, vigorous man, with a long head and severe face, with fixed, calm, stern eyes. He still wore the tight jacket and epaulettes, the full breeches, the starched collaret, short hair, and beard and moustaches of the century before. Talent was depicted in his look, and on his brow; cruelty, on his lips and cheeks, sticking out like a muzzle.

When the marquis entered, the artist had his pallet in his hand, and was contemplating, with the dictator, a portrait which he had just finished. As he recognised it, Chatillon uttered an exclamation of admiration, which was only received with a disdainful smile.

It was a speaking likeness of the Signora Masaniello, in her costume of vice-reine: the hair curled around the face, pearls upon the head and neck, diamonds upon the breast and hanging from the ears, lace and ribbons upon the dress, just as she had appeared, in fact, upon the gulf, before she pined in the darkness of a prison.

In two days Luzzaro had fixed this precious souvenir upon canvas, and his brush had surrounded the sweet, sad head with a wreath of fruits and flowers, which so poetically recalled the puzzolianne's condition in life.

When Masaniello had gazed his full of the glorious portrait, he had it displayed before his door, amid the cries of joy and vengeance of the multitude, under the same canopy of velvet and gold from which he had torn down the portrait of Louis XIV.

Chatillon, who observed all this from the window, sought in vain for the good signs asserted by the spy. He was also sorry to see Luzzaro remain as a third in his tete-a-tete; but understanding that it was by the master's order, he took care to make no objection.

Armed, finally, with all his lordly assurance, he asked for news concerning Marie d'Arcos.

But, before relating this scene, and in order to give it its full effect, we must sketch the surroundings and the actors.

Imagine a dog-hole of a place, wretched from former misery, and in disorder from the recent events; bare, dirty walls, an old pallet, with the straw all sticking out; greasy tables and broken chairs; nets, baskets and arms thrown about pell-mell; a smoky fireplace, where fish and macaroni were frying together, watched by an old hag in rags; and, to increase the horror of this picture by contrast, a heap of gold and silver wrought vases, dazzling stuffs, caskets stuffed with diamonds, enamellings, paintings, rare works of art, the richest spoils of the convents and palaces collected there for the budget of the revolt; and which the dictator walked over in his bare feet; such was the room in which Masaniello gave audience to the cousin of the Guise.

Consider, in this pandemonium, the dictator himself, a figure worthy of its frame with his shirt open on his hairy breast and sinewy arms, his pantaloons rolled up above the knees, his red cap on his dishevelled head, pistols at his belt, and a sword at his side, his brutal, haughty manner, his livid face, sad and cadaverous, his trifling, poetical and formidable words.

At his side, see Luzaro, sombre and stiff in his jacket and colleret, with his look humble before the dictator and imperious before the stranger—with the glances of a tiger watching for its prey.

Opposite to these two, observe the Marquis de Chatillon, the flower of the nobility of France, the petit-maitre of the Court of Louis XIV., with his red and white complexion, brown curls, all elegance, fastidiousness and refinement, all velvet and silk, ribbons and laces, all powdered and perfumed, red plumes in his hat, diamonds on his fingers, pearls in his ruffles, in the midst of this squalidness; and then judge of the meditated torture which he is going to endure from his two companions.

"Marie d'Arcos is well," said the fisherman, offering a wooden stool to the Marquis, and throwing himself into a brocaded fauteuil. "She is still somewhat agitated from her drive, and in her fish-woman's dress, longs for her royal robes. Look, here is her scarf, embroidered in gold, he added, pushing the glittering object with his foot.

Chatillon repressed his horror, and thought he understood the popular King. "He wants to try me before accepting my alliance," thought he, without foreseeing any other danger; for Masaniello's manner was not at all menacing. "I will flatter his pride now, in order to make use of his power; it will be time enough to crush him to morrow, when *I* shall no longer have need of him."

And his ambition and love, overcoming his pride, resigned themselves to the degradation. He had, however, no choice. To fight against the iron pot would have been to break himself, like the china jar.

"You know my projects concerning Marie d'Arcos!" said he, arranging his ruffles.

"Yes—you want to carry her off from her father!"

"She loves me, and has promised me her hand; I wish to liberate her and Naples together."

Masaniello smiled.

"And you want to be her guardian?"

"Precisely. This hostage is more precious to me than to anybody. It will not escape from me, be assured! and you are no longer ignorant of what I offer you in return?"

"The support of the King, Louis XIV.?"

"An entire fleet, with an army, and a prince royal."

"Royal princes are dangerous for the people. Is the support of Louis XIV. and that of Henri de Guise disinterested?"

"To drive the Spaniards from Naples! It is a pretty good wind-fall for France."

"The wind-fall would be still better if France should take back Naples."

"Naples has merited her independence, and France will guarantee it."

"You are sure of it?"

"I pledge myself for it."

"On your head?"

Chatillon hesitated, but he spoke the word.

"On my head!"

He did not hear Luzzaro's growl, as he stood in a corner, playing with a poignard.

"This is something like!" said Masaniello, crushing with his horny hand the gentleman's white fingers. "Well! I will install you myself, this evening, with Marie d'Arcos, at the fort of San Lorenzo."

"Why not immediately?"

"You are in a great hurry! We must first seal our alliance after the fashion of great Kings, like Francis I. at Fontainebleu," replied the fisherman, glancing round the hovel with superb irony. "We will dine and take our siesta together, signor Marquis."

He approached the disgusting table on which the old woman had placed the macaroni and the fish fried in fat, with a loaf of black bread, a jug of wine, and iron forks; and with a hospitable gesture, he invited Chatillon to sit down between him and Luzzaro.

"So be it!" said the coxcomb with a superhuman effort.

And, subduing his sight, his smell, and his taste, he eat, from a wooden bowl, the work of the old woman's black hands; he drank from the earthen jug after the bandit and the fisherman; to the Company of Death with the first, to the freedom of Naples with the second, to the extermination of traitors with both.

The repast ended, Masaniello resumed his brocaded fauteuil, and let his guest inhale the fumes of tobacco from a pipe *blackened* by himself, and which he first tried himself, in order to do honor to the *nobleman*; then, stretching his left leg over a casket of precious stones, he slowly dressed a wound ulcerated by fatigue, and bandaged it with Marie d'Arcos's gold embroidered scarf.

Chatillon turned pale, reddened, suffocated with shame, anger, and disgust; but smiled at the *cordialities* of his host.

All this was nothing as yet; the dregs of the bowl still remained—the Neapolitan siesta.

Luzzaro had lain down upon a pile of rich stuffs. The fisherman threw himself upon his straw pallet, and called Chatillon to share it with him.

"Imagine that I am Charles V., and you King Francis I.," said he, with true republican grace.—"Afterwards our struggle will be for life or death!"

It needed nothing less than these words to decide the Marquis. He asked pardon of his ancestors, of France, of Marie d'Arcos, of Henri de Guise, and, shutting his eyes, his nose, his ears, he extended his elegant person, his perfumed curls, his ribbons, and his laces, upon the lazzaroni's dirty pallet.

And whilst Luzzaro snored on his velvet and satin, whilst Masaniello turned again and again upon the tumbled straw, his bed-fellow reflected upon the degradation which a revolution may cause to ambitious hearts.*

* All these details can be verified in Saulis, Modena, Rivas and in M. de Saint Priest's admirable article upon the *Guises* [illegible] *des Deux-Mondes*, of the 1st of March, 1851. These [illegible] only differ from ours in attributing to Annese and to the Duc de Guise himself what we attribute to Masaniello, and to the Prince's friend.

Finally, at the end of two hours—of two centuries—he saw his torture and his reward within reach. Masaniello arose, and said to him:

"Come, let us go to the fort of San Lorenzo."

The Marquis shook the straw from his ribbons, and breathed the fresh air with delight.

As they stepped from the door, two Frenchmen, who had attempted to replace Louis XIV.'s portrait upon the public square, were brought to the fisherman. Masaniello heard the accusation and the defence, then, by a mute sign, he consigned the guilty ones to the axe.

Their bloody heads rolled to Chatillon's feet, and then he began to suspect something else than a trial.

But, hiding his terror and his disgust, he followed the fisherman and Luzzaro to the citadelle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

Mrs. Stephens, in a late article, makes some observations on the whole subject of book-making, which are so sensible, and so necessary, that we commend them to the careful consideration of the young aspirants who burden publishers with their callow compositions.

A sententious line in a cotemporary runs thus: "About one new book in a hundred obtains success." Is this true? We think it is. And, moreover, scarcely more than one book out of every hundred that are written obtains a publisher. In no branch of human effort is there so much delusion—so many laborers with so little knowledge—so little capacity and large pretension. The success, a few years ago, of several female writers, has set to writing almost every woman in the country who imagines herself to possess a thought unspoken; and in our own experience we are continually importuned to examine and pass judgment upon the half-fledged productions of aspiring young misses, which almost invariably evince a good deal of untrained ability, and a certain cleverness in burnishing up and reproducing old material. These ladies are not unfrequently the residents of villages, their knowledge and experience of life limited to the circle of the Sunday-school and the church, and their reading confined to an indiscriminate selection of the weakest romances. Emotional and impressible above their companions, they find themselves the possessors of certain sensibilities which do not readily awaken appreciation, and so led on by the old silly dream of sympathy, and responsive minds, they begin to call that *genius* which is but weak sentiment, lack of discipline, and diseased fancy. In this state of mind they rush into print—pant for fame, (another name for self-worship,) and dream of vast success, obtained without effort or study. They know nothing about the requirements of an author. They suppose her career "the primrose path of dalliance." Books are inspirations, they think, and not efforts. They know very well that a man cannot make a watch without study and apprenticeship, but they scout at the idea of study or labor being required in the more difficult and higher art of book-making. Let us undeceive these ladies, (and *aspirants* of the other sex, too). To write well, requires long and patient study, a husbanding of powers, wide experience, large observation, *and apprenticeship!* Occasionally an author's first book astonishes the world; but, either the writer has previously, unknown, passed through a preparatory discipline, or his production is the single up-flashing of a fitful genius, that blazes for a moment, then goes out forever. How many great first books there have been, which have been followed by blanks! how many that have shot up brilliant and towering, and never another spark to issue from the same source! We earnestly believe that true greatness *is invariably a growth*, maturing slowly, nurtured by study and effort, and coming to a fruitful harvest only under cultivation, care, and patience of the laborer. One of the best evidences of wisdom is the knowledge *how to wait!* We say, therefore, to all young authors, *Wait!*—Study, observe, mature; then publish, and you shall reap as you sow.

THE POETIC VIEW OF AMERICA.—In the history of the earth hitherto the largest and most stirring nation appears tame and orderly to our ampler largeness and stir. Here at last is something in the doings of man to correspond with the broadcast doings of the day and night. Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of nations. Here is action untied from strings; necessarily blind to particulars; magnificently moving in vast masses. Here is the hospitality which ever indicates heroes. Here are the roughs, and beards, and space, and ruggedness, and nonchalance, that the soul loves. Here the performance, disdaining the trivial—unapproached in the tremendous audacity of its crowds and groupings, and the push of its perspective—spreads with crampless and flowing breadth, and showers its prolific and splendid extravagance. Other states indicate themselves in their deputies; but the genius of the United States is not best or most in its executives or legislatures, nor in its ambassadors, or authors, or colleges, or churches, or parlors, nor even in its newspapers or inventors, but always most in the common people. Their manners, speech, dress, friendships—the freshness and the candor of their physiognomy—the picturesque looseness of their carriage—their deathless attachment to freedom—their aversion to anything indecorous, or soft, or mean—the practical acknowledgment of the citizens of one State by the citizens of all other States—the fierceness of their roused resentment—their curiosity and welcome of novelty—their self-esteem and wonderful sympathy—their susceptibility to a slight—the air they have of persons who never knew how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors—the fluency of their speech—their delight in music, the sure symptom of manly tenderness and native elegance of soul—their good-temper and openhandedness—the terrible significance of their elections—the President taking off his hat to them, and not they to him—these are unrhymed poetry. It awaits the gigantic and generous treatment worthy of it.—*Leaves of Grass, by Walter Whitman.*

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of Heaven;
In full orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths,
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!—*Southey.*

AN ACCUSATION.—"Two days later we reached Mecana, famous, or infamous, for its bugs—a bite from one of which kills, with the slow, lingering death, *such as husbands and wives, in England, are mutually to impart.*—*Lady Sheil's Travels in Persia.*

☞ Every one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good looking—rather tawny, perhaps, but look at his *eyes!*—*Wilson.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wit and Humor.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHIRT COLLARS.

Under this caption a writer discourses at length in the Knickerbocker with the exuberant, though some what rowdyish, humor peculiar to that magazine. We subjoin a few extracts, premising that the author affects the French idiom in his style. The first collar is—

The Louis Napoleon.—The ribbon of paste-board collars that encircle so tightly the necks of those dear little cousins of the drawing-rooms, the fuplings! For them a turning of the head is an impossibility, their voice is choked into an "aw-aw-;" this sound of junior jackanoes is all they are allowed to utter. Let us leave them to sing execrably their own music.

The Weak-in-the-Knees.—My patience suffers when I discourse of this subject. He has no enterprise; he comes at first out of the drawer in the morning, and he wears an air of grand promise, but he breaks it before an hour; he falls down on one side, he looks one week old in sixty minutes. He has no stamen, no starch! "My friend," said I one time to one who accustomed himself to this species of collar, "why do you invariably have such sickly collars?" "Oh! ah! I never thought, bet, oh! oh! the washer-woman does it!" "My friend," said I, "just conscience! How many of the times does she long to you such collars?" "Always," said he. My gracious! what stupidity. Then again, what use to complain! My friend was a Weak-in-the-Knees collar-man.

The Wide-Awake.—In England they wished me to make purchase of a "jolly little tile," at a hatter's where I entered to get a traveller-hat. I enquired what name was bestowed on a very soft hat I wished to make the voyage to America in! And, my faith! the hatter called him "Wide-Awake!" Ah! I perchased him; if he only had a handle, how useful he would be! For example: a collar goes with this "tile," a collar that flows up like a rocket, that flares out at the sides, that tolerates free motion of the head, that rises out of a flashy neckerchief, loosely tied. By gracious! you will see him on the race-course, at the combat of rats, the fight of dogs; he assists at those sparring-matches; he amuses himself mightily.

The Horse-Collar.—This collar belongs to college professors, men of the languages, sciences, mathematics, and its form constantly revives a memory of the *pons asinorum*, for so it is something like the figure of the upper part of that jackassy bridge. It creeps round from the back part of the nape of the throat, till it ends in round corners very far ahead of the chin underneath. Of a Sunday morning it is as a general, clean and much upright. Also! on a Wednesday following he looks like the tail of a rooster on a very rainy day. I fear greatly these wise men clothe their heads to the detriment of their bodies; certain of their ideas are excessively outrageous.

The Responsible.—I cast that word myself, and yet you shall know it when you see it; and you cannot help seeing it. He rises up round the head of the good man like Mont Blanc, so white, so straight up, so great of volume; he keeps the fies off the ears in summer; he shelters the firm old head from the terrible winter wind. He seems to say: I run away from the rest of the linen, I go to climb up to the sky. Ah! my friend, you may confide in that collar; he has got "the dimes," he enjoys himself famously.

OLD PARSON B——, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of M——, was without any exception the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were earned as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate: Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long, that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified Brother P—— that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless, but P—— said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving the church he always took a roundabout course, which by some mysterious means always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale. Parson B—— ascertained from some source that P——'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible. The next Sabbath Brother P—— left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B—— exclaimed: "Brother P——!" P—— on being addressed thus, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit. "Brother P——," continued the Parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning I made a bargain with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out." The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

CHILD'S RECIPE FOR A BROKEN HEART.—For a cracked lip, or an obstinate sore on the face, there's nothing like powdered burnt alum. It cured our little Paul of an angry sore down in the corner, where the cherry of his lips was cleft, though we had to sprinkle it on the squirming little victim after he was sound asleep in his "crib-house." I wish you could see him! But about the burnt alum: it's good for other things besides cracked lips: so little Paul thought—at least, so he *said*. It was thus: "Rip," (we call him so "for short," although that is a good and expressive daguerreotype of his disposition,) Rip and his mamma had a passage at arms, which I witnessed over the edge of my last "Knick.," the result of which was, that Master *Rip* had a "spanking," only, however, partially administered. Then it occurred to me that the occasion was a proper one for improving that "afflictive dispensation" to the future weal of the young apostle; and so I said—

"Paul, come here."

"Ha, papa."

"You are a naughty boy, sir, to disobey your mamma, as you did just now."

"Ha, papa."

"You are a naughty boy, sir, to disobey your mamma, as you did just now."

"Ha, papa. *Sure* I not do it."

"Well, *be sure* you don't, for it will break your mamma's heart. Just look at her now; see how sad she is because you were naughty. I suppose her heart is broken in two or three places."

"Pat burst alone on your mamma's heart, papa; it make it well. I sure it will."

If this recipe is worth knowing, you may make it public. I don't believe in keeping efficacious remedies secret.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A Western editor, a barbarian in musical instruments, describes his impressions of "Casta Diva," in Norma, as executed by Parodi:

A gradually modulating howl—a squeak, a squall, a thrill, and a guttural gurgle-gogle-gogle—a deafening howl like the hoarse whistle of a locomotive engine, when under full headway—a quavering wop, wop, wop—a half-angle stoop—a mackerelian smile—and a Yankee!

☞ A lady in a neighboring town, who had risen rapidly from the kitchen to grace the head of her master's table, was one day entertaining a large party, when the conversation happening to flag, one of the guests remarked, "Awful parse!" "And what's your business with my awful paws?" in wrath retorted the landlady; "if you had scrubbed the house as long as I has done, your paws would one o been see bonne and white as they are."

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.—A clergyman, in a country church, had been, in the course of his sermon, expounding on the nature of *miracles*. No sooner had the service ended, than one of his congregation, a bluff farmer, approached him and began to thank him for much that he had learned in attending to his discourse; but he hoped that his reverence would pardon his asking for some further elucidation of the meaning of a miracle—nothing that he had then heard having tended to enlighten his ignorance of the nature of such an occurrence. The divine immediately assented, requesting the farmer to wait in the porch till the congregation had dispersed. In the porch, accordingly, did Giles station himself, happy in the hope of the solution of such a mystery, and was assiduously watching the departure of the last loiterers in the churchyard, when he was literally taken all aback, by a tremendous salute in the rear from the well directed and vigorously applied foot of the pastor, who, in reply to the mingled expressions of pain and wonder which burst from his disciple, mildly inquired, "Whether what he had then received caused him any pain?" "It hurt me most woundily," rejoined the farmer. "Then," said the clergyman, in his most significant manner, "all I can tell you is, that it would have been a *miracle if it had not!*"

A WAGGISH CHAPLAIN.—The Fairmount Virginian, says the Rev. Henry Clay Dean, the present Chaplain to the United States Senate, was some years ago a resident of north-western Virginia. While preaching, one day, at a church situated a few miles from Fairmount, he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation, as manifested in turning their heads to see everybody who came in. "Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach, when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church." Of course this remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered. "Brother William Satterfield!" called out the preacher, while that brother was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to gaess what was the matter. Another person came in "Brother Joseph Miller!" bawled the preacher, with a like result; and so, perhaps, in other cases. After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a loud voice—"A little old man with a blue coat and white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves!"

☞ B. B. Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas his son, Tom, had a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of Necessity. "Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference, without a motive of one kind or another?" Sheridan, who foresaw what was coming, and did not relish it much, after a moment, replied, "Yes, certainly." "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed." "What, total, entire indifference—thorough indifference?" "Yes—total, entire, thorough indifference!" "Well, then, my dear father, do, pray, tell me what it is that you can do with such perfect, entire, complete indifference?" "Why—listen to you—Tom," said Sheridan. This rebuff, Tom said, so disconcerted him, that he never attempted wit with his father.

Agricultural.

PERIOD OF CUTTING WHEAT.

The period at which wheat is cut affects both its weight and quality. Johns.on gives an experiment of cutting three patches of equal breadth at different periods. That cut twenty days before ripening weighed 166 pounds; another piece cut ten days later, and ten days before ripe, gave 230 pounds; and the last cut, when fully ripe, gave 209 pounds. The per centage of flour, bran and shorts yielded by each, and of water and gluten in the flour, was as follows:

	Flour. lbs.	Shorts lbs.	Bran lbs.	Water. Wheat.	Gluten Wheat.
20 days before ripe,	74.7	7.3	17.6	18.7	8.3
10 " "	79.1	6.3	15.2	15.8	9.1
Fully ripe,	72.2	11.0	16.0	15.9	8.8

Therefore, when wheat is cut about a week before fully ripe, it will yield a finer sample of grain, more and better flour and less offal than if cut earlier or left to stand till ripe. The straw is also much more valuable than if left till it becomes brown and brittle. The green coloring matter of the growing stalk should be preserved as far as possible. It is a question worthy of consideration, whether it is profitable to devote any large portion of a grain growing farm to the raising of hay for any of the stock. If not, as we believe, then it is important to preserve the straw in as good condition for feeding as possible.

An important lesson was taught farmers in this latitude by the unprecented weather of last year, and one which will not soon be forgotten, we think. It was this: *Never put up grain in open stock.* Put up in *round* shock, and *well capped*, wheat or other grain will undergo a month a wet weather without injury. The mode of doing this is to set up six or eight sheaves, forming a round shock—leaving them sufficiently open at the bottom to permit a circulation of air between them. Then take two others, and after breaking them across the knee, so that the ends will hang down and carry off the rain, lay them across the top of the shock transversely—that is, one crossing the other. Spread out the tops and butts, and the work is done. If three caps are kept in place, no fears of weather will ever harm the grain. It seems to act best, however, when drilled in the soil.

A bushel of bone dust weighs fifty-four pounds. The amount applied varies from 20 to 50 or even 60 to 70 bushels per acre, according to the crop it is used for, and the permanency of the effects desired from its assistance. To soils of an open texture, bone dust should be applied *only* in accompaniment with farm-yard manure, the latter being first *spread*, and then the bone dust sown over it before covering it with the plough. This accompaniment is peculiarly valuable in dry seasons. A good proportion is from eight to ten bushels of bone dust and ten tons of farm yard manure. It is also common to mix all the ingredients of the farm yard into a compost, using about twelve bushels of bones to eight tons of the farm yard manure.

A frequent and usually advantageous method for soils of a clay light and open kind, is to work bare yard manure into a heap, and to mingle with ashes, loams, clays, or decayed vegetable matter, according to the particular character of individual soils—with clay, for sandy soils; with ashes for clayey soils, and with loam or decayed vegetables for soils of medium porosity. Some farmers give to each acre a compost of fifty bushels of bone dust, and five loads of burnt clay or of good soil, and by applying it broadcast and ploughing in, have found it to increase twenty per cent. all the crops of a rotation, except clover. The best method of applying it to meadows or old pastures, is such a combination of bone dust urine and earth, that eight or ten bushels of bone dust shall be given to each acre. Living *may* forty pounds of bone dust and twenty pounds sulphuric acid will produce a good crop of turnips.

Bone dust is not equally effective upon all sorts of soils. On light soils, on sandy soils, the warmer loams, and on limestone soils, its effect is very great, while on wet lands, whether clays, damp loams, or moist grounds, the results are generally considered less favorable. Bones are an invaluable acquisition in every country where they can be procured. In England, their use has improved many a barren tract of land which might otherwise have remained unvaluable.

☞ The history of the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*Coleridge.*

SPOILED IN THE COOKING.

LOVER OF FINE ARTS.—" Well, I don't think much of this."

TRADER IN F. A.—"Don't think much of it, sir! Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—a v-e-r-y rare print, indeed, sir!"

LOVER OF F. A.—" Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*—IT CERTAINLY IS NOT *well done!*"—*New York Picayune.*

USE OF BONES AS A MANURE.

The use of bones as a manure is of great antiquity. An ancient narrative of Welsh history records that, about the middle of the 5th century, a King of South Wales, after waging war successfully against the Romans, and slaughtering an immense number of them, left their bones bleaching upon the surface of the earth. After a time, one of his successors caused those and all other exposed bones throughout the kingdom, to be collected in one huge pile, which was of marvellous magnitude. By cementing them together with mortar, he constructed a huge prison, in which to confine his prisoners of war. Years after, the old Chronicle relates, "the bones became decayed, so that there was no strength in them, and they were reduced to dust; then they carried the remains, and put it on the surface of the ploughed land, *and from that time they had astonishing crops of wheat and barley, and of every other grain, for ever more years.*" In this instance, their fertilizing influence must have been entirely due to the phosphate of lime they contained.

Within the last eighty years the use of bones and bone dust as a manure, has become general throughout Great Britain, and the present fertile condition of that country is in a great measure due to their use. Some authors estimate that $10,000,000 of bones are annually imported into that country, principally to be used as manure. They are obtained in the ports of Europe, Russia, Germany, South America, and the United States. After the bone dust of Germany had been fully tested, and proofs of its efficacy were fully established, a proverb arose that "one ton of German bone dust saves the importation of ten tons of German corn." Throughout Great Britain bones are collected from every possible source of supply, and the markets of the world have been ransacked to supply the demand created for them by the strong conviction of their value which experience has impressed upon the mind of British farmers. Even the bones of battle-fields have been collected and sold for this purpose, and the last mortal remains of the soldiers who fell at Waterloo, have been used to enrich the soil of England. It is common to insert in English leases of land a provision requiring the tenant to manure the soil with bone dust at regular intervals.

Bone manure has been applied, with great success, as a top dressing for grass lands. In this case, it must be sown by the hand, broadcast, and applied in the state of powder, if the land is soon to be subjected to the scythe. In England, the end of April is considered the best time to apply bones for this purpose. Those experienced in their use say that, by manuring with bone dust once in eight years, the land produces as good hay as if manured with farm-yard dung every two years. Once in eight or nine years is considered often enough to manure many lands with bones.

Bone manure has also been variously applied with great success as a preparation for wheat and other tillage crops. When spread broadcast, it is sometimes harrowed in with the last ploughing, or immediately previous to the sowing, and sometimes allowed to lie for a while upon the surface of the ground. It seems to act best, however, when drilled in the soil.

A bushel of bone dust weighs fifty-four pounds. The amount applied varies from 20 to 50 or even 60 to 70 bushels per acre, according to the crop it is used for, and the permanency of the effects desired from its assistance. To soils of an open texture, bone dust should be applied *only* in accompaniment with farm-yard manure, the latter being first *spread*, and then the bone dust sown over it before covering it with the plough. This accompaniment is peculiarly valuable in dry seasons. A good proportion is from eight to ten bushels of bone dust and ten tons of farm yard manure. It is also common to mix all the ingredients of the farm yard into a compost, using about twelve bushels of bones to eight tons of the farm yard manure.

A frequent and usually advantageous method for soils of a clay light and open kind, is to work bare yard manure into a heap, and to mingle with ashes, loams, clays, or decayed vegetable matter, according to the particular character of individual soils—with clay, for sandy soils; with ashes for clayey soils, and with loam or decayed vegetables for soils of medium porosity. Some farmers give to each acre a compost of fifty bushels of bone dust, and five loads of burnt clay or of good soil, and by applying it broadcast and ploughing in, have found it to increase twenty per cent. all the crops of a rotation, except clover. The best method of applying it to meadows or old pastures, is such a combination of bone dust urine and earth, that eight or ten bushels of bone dust shall be given to each acre. Living *may* forty pounds of bone dust and twenty pounds sulphuric acid will produce a good crop of turnips.

Bone dust is not equally effective upon all sorts of soils. On light soils, on sandy soils, the warmer loams, and on limestone soils, its effect is very great, while on wet lands, whether clays, damp loams, or moist grounds, the results are generally considered less favorable. Bones are an invaluable acquisition in every country where they can be procured. In England, their use has improved many a barren tract of land which might otherwise have remained unvaluable.

☞ The history of the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*Coleridge.*

STABLING OF HORSES.—We cannot think it judicious to separate the working horses of a farm while feeding or resting; horses are naturally gregarious; they love society, and although they invariably test the strength of a stranger and may therefore be thought pugnacious in their habits, yet when once accustomed to associate with their own kind, they are reluctant to be parted from their companions, and always welcome their approach or return. They are also very sensible to much confinement, as that in all cases, whether of the rag or curt description, they should have a roomy berth accessible to fresh air as much as is compatible with the employment they are intended for. A nag horse coming off a journey, often in a state of profuse perspiration, should be sufficiently protected from the external air, so that no chillness is induced or draught is admitted to occasion cold, but with curt horses less precaution is needed, and the only care required is that they be well rubbed down until their coats are dry, and they may then be permitted, after a feed, to range a yard only sheltered from a northerly wind. This arrangement implies that a covered building is provided, with a manger long in proportion to the number of occupants, each horse requiring about four feet of manger. The open part of such building should, if possible, face the south; when it tends either to the east or west, it will be necessary that the opening should not extend the whole length of such building, a passage or doorway being left large enough to admit free egress or ingress for the horses to or from the yard. In the yard may be introduced one or more cribs for fodder, and on one side should be a trough well supplied with water, for of all animals domesticated by man, none retain more unmistakably an ardent love of freedom and independence if well treated and properly managed. The well-known proverb of "taking a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," exemplifies in some measure his resolute tendency to consult his own inclinations, and yet how grateful for good usage, how tractable to skillful handling, how emulous of surpassing his rivals, whether hunting or racing, whether spanking on the road in a dog cart, or trembling with energy at a dead pull! Let cart-horses which work together by all means act together in a roomy sheltered yard, and if they are not overworked, how amusing in it to notice, and how necessary it is to guard against their attempts to lift the latch and escape to a wider range. This fondness for liberty or frolic or mischief, according to the natural bent or idiosyncrasy of the animal, sometimes is more serious than amusing, for a sharp-nosed and keen witted rascal will by such tricks lead his congenors to the pound or into a field of cropping or other expensive scrape. A large yard with a covered shed will keep them in health; they will rest better, have a roll frequently, and often prefer lying in the yard exposed to wind and rain, if the lair of straw is plentifully renewed; rather than lie under cover; note the condition of horses as kept as compared with the solitary regimen having equal measures of food, and it will be found that the social party will do far more credit to the farmer than those isolated; they will be less susceptible of inclement weather, have fewer ailments, and do more work. These jottings are open to criticism; let others narrate their experience; we are ready for correction if wrong, and promise to weigh well a contrary practice when other modes have been successfully pursued. There is indeed great room for discussion on matters pertaining to this subject; so many different plans exist of feeding horses, some with bruised food, some with all fodder cut into chaff, some without hay, some without oats, some with much green food, some with scarcely any. Millers give bran and pollards, brewers give grains, foreigners give barley, and small farmers tail wheat; a good deal depending upon the soil and situation of the farm and the circumstances of the owners. When horses go wrong the farmer is not willing to confess to any defect of inattention or negligent treatment, and when there is no complaint, the master wonders that such a simple affair is thought deserving any notice.—*Gardener's Chronicle, Eng.*

WORMY APPLES.—Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season, to see if I could not stop these marauders in their wild career. I took half a dozen quart porter bottles, and filled each half full of sweetened water. I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner:—I tied leather straps three fourths of an inch wide around the branches, three fourths of an inch above the bottles, and then strung them the same way. Add them to the soup with a bunch of fine herbs, and seasoning to taste. Boil up well, and serve.

VEAL CUTLETS CURRIED.—The cutlets may be prepared as for collops, by cutting them into shape, dipping them into the yolk of eggs, and seasoning them with about half a tablespoonful of fine breadcrumbs, two spoonfuls of curry powder, and one of salt; fry them in fresh butter; serve with curry sauce, which may be made with equal parts of curry powder, flour, and butter, worked well together into a paste; put it into the pan from which the cutlets have been removed, moisten with a cupful of water, in which cayenne and salt have been stirred; let it thicken, and serve very hot.

SOAP FOR WASHING.—The American Agriculturist is responsible for this recipe:

To each pound of common hard soap, add $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. common borax, pulverized, and 1 quart water. Put the water into a tin pan or other convenient vessel, and place on the stove; put in the borax, and when cold the soap, cut in small, thin pieces. Keep them hot, but not boiling, several hours, or until the soap is dissolved. When cool, it will be double the quantity, and thus save at least one-half. Rub the dirtiest parts of the clothes with this compound, and soak them over night, if convenient, or an hour or two in the morning. This mixture does not cut the hands, and is adapted to all sorts of clothes—calicoes, flannels, &c., as well as white cotton or linen. They are to be washed, boiled and rinsed, as usual, but the labor of rubbing is greatly lessened.

☞ The following contains the alphabet:—"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

PROTECT YOUR COWS.—Care should be taken during the warm weather of this month, that the cows should be in pastures with convenient shade, or their constant uneasiness from the teasing of flies hinders their feeding, and their becoming so heated from running, has a very injurious effect on the milk, which is less in quantity, very soon becomes sour after being taken from the cows, and does not yield nearly as much pudding, and hence considerable loss arises. Where the cows have to be pastured far from the homestead, it is sometimes advisable for them to be in the field, for a drive along a hot road, exposed to the sun, does equal harm to their milk as the racing about the fields when exposed to the sun. A vessel is then taken on wheels, drawn by the milkers, or a horse, according to convenience, and this should be left to stand in a cool spot, and be taken home steadily with as little shaking as may be. The cows should get a change of grass at least once a week, even if to no better pasture. They are found to feed better, and keep more settled, than if left longer on one field. A good supply of fresh, good water for them is indispensable for their doing well and yielding a quantity of milk. —*Gardener's Chronicle.*

ADVICE FOR THE SEASON.—Take a good "mooning" these hot days for yourself, your hands, and your teams. Let it be a good hour, beside the dinner time. This rule, observed during the hottest days—always excepting the times when a threatening rain endangers the hay or grain—will give heart and courage to you all. It will save some of you from sickness, and enable you all to do more work, and come out of it with less wear and tear of vital power.

Now is a fine time (during the hot weather we mean,) to study some points in architecture and home comfort. The parlor is on the south-west corner of the house. Three windows, without curtains or blinds, let in a whole volcano of summer beams. No shade trees shield the walls, no verandah spreads a cooling shadow over the door steps. All these are matters of thought. Tell your hired man or your son to plan his house differently. Set a good example, by removing these evils as fully, as fast as you can. These are only hints. Think as far and as widely as you please in the same direction.—*Ohio Farmer.*

BOAP SUDS.—Save all the suds from the soak and the laundry. If you do not want it for purposes of irrigation, let it be conveyed to your manure heaps, or mixed with materials for compost. No article of a liquid nature possesses more powerful alimentary properties, and its concentration will be found a source of considerable profit to any one who will properly use it. It contains the food of plants in a state of solution, and is therefore prepared to act at once and with energy. By mixing it with soda, chip manure, muck, *refuse* straw, green vegetable matter, or indeed, any kind of decomposed rubbish, and allowing the whole to ferment slowly, a most excellent fertilizer for Indian corn may be prepared, and one that will bring forward the crop with greater vigor than almost any other article that can be named. It is also very valuable as a manure for culmiferous vegetables—melons, squashes, cucumbers, &c.

Useful Receipts.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Pass the raspberries through a fine sieve to extract their seeds, add to them their weight in fine, white sugar, and boil them, and stir them over the fire until you can just see the bottom of the stew-pan.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—Boil the blackberries with half their weight of coarse moist sugar for three quarters of an hour, keeping the mass stirred constantly. A stew-pan is not a necessary vehicle; the commonest tin sauce-pan will answer the purpose equally well. The cheapness of this homely delicacy, besides its nauseous properties, renders it peculiarly desirable for scantily furnished tables. If the berries be gathered in wet weather, an hour will not be too long a time to boil them.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Pick and clean red gooseberries, thoroughly ripe. Boil them by themselves for twenty minutes, skimming them frequently. Then add brown sugar, in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Boil for half an hour after the sugar is in. Skim it, and pour it into earthenware jars. When cold, paper up the jars, and set aside in a dry cool situation. Strawberry, and black currant jams are made in precisely the same manner as the above; but instead of brown, use loaf sugar.

SEMI-SEALING FRUIT CAPS.—Take a common fruit-jar, with its cover, made like a shoe-block belt. The jar and the cover will probably cost a dime, and hold a quart. Any of the cements that are used for sealing cans or jars will do for this. Heat your fruit, either in the jars or in some other vessel, and pour it in the jars, (previously warming them.) Now pour enough cement in the cover to give the latter an inch in coat. When the cement becomes slightly stiff, apply the cover over the jar, the jar having been well filled, and turn the jar *upside down; and here is the invention.* As fruit jars have a lip, you now have a little trough to fill with cement, and the work is done. Let your jars *get cold standing on the covers, and put them away in the same position.*

This will keep fruit admirably. It is the steam escaping in the common way of sealing or soldering cans, that leaves so many of them imperfect. My plan entirely obviates this difficulty, as the steam or vapor is always on top of the fruit. This arrangement, you perceive, is really a chemist's *pneumatic trough*, and there is no danger when your fruit has cooled down and created a vacuum, that the external atmospheric pressure will *force the corks in.*—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

TOMATO SOUP.—Stew half a peck of tomatoes slowly an hour and a half in a pint of water; then pass them through a tamis; add half a gallon of veal or mutton broth. Pass through a tamis enough stale bread to thicken the soup. Put in some onions brown, and strain them the same way. Add them to the soup with a bunch of fine herbs, and seasoning to taste. Boil up well, and serve.

VEAL CUTLETS CURRIED.—The cutlets may be prepared as for collops, by cutting them into shape, dipping them into the yolk of eggs, and seasoning them with about half a tablespoonful of fine breadcrumbs, two spoonfuls of curry powder, and one of salt; fry them in fresh butter; serve with curry sauce, which may be made with equal parts of curry powder, flour, and butter, worked well together into a paste; put it into the pan from which the cutlets have been removed, moisten with a cupful of water, in which cayenne and salt have been stirred; let it thicken, and serve very hot.

SOAP FOR WASHING.—The American Agriculturist is responsible for this recipe:

To each pound of common hard soap, add $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. common borax, pulverized, and 1 quart water. Put the water into a tin pan or other convenient vessel, and place on the stove; put in the borax, and when cold the soap, cut in small, thin pieces. Keep them hot, but not boiling, several hours, or until the soap is dissolved. When cool, it will be double the quantity, and thus save at least one-half. Rub the dirtiest parts of the clothes with this compound, and soak them over night, if convenient, or an hour or two in the morning. This mixture does not cut the hands, and is adapted to all sorts of clothes—calicoes, flannels, &c., as well as white cotton or linen. They are to be washed, boiled and rinsed, as usual, but the labor of rubbing is greatly lessened.

☞ The following contains the alphabet:—"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 8, 13, 14, 20, 6, was an Archbishop of Canterbury, during the reign of Henry II.

My 2, 9, 22, 12, 24, 4, 20, was a distinguished English poet and novelist.

My 3, 4, 19, 13, 4, 10, was a classical historian, born 1793.

My 4, 5, 24, 15, 4, 16, 5, 1, 3, was an Indian warrior, taken prisoner by the Americans.

My 5, 6, 15, 25, 4, 20, was the "prince of philosophers."

My 6, 11, 20, 20, 14, 13, 16, 6, was one of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen of Revolutionary times.

My 7, 9, 9, 15, 16, 16, 4, 6, 23, was a celebrated play-doctor who attended King William III., of England.

My 8, 23, 15, 5, 11, 3, 21, was a noted English ornithologist.

My 9, 11, 20, 14, 20, was a distinguished naval officer under Queen Elizabeth.

My 10, 20, 16, 4, 20, was a Baron Counsel in the United States' service.

My 11, 4, 16, 20, was an English author of several plays and poems.

My 12, 20, 2, 1, 2, 24, was a crazy king of Macedonia.

My 13, 3, 20, 20, 22, 20, 11, was an eminent prelate who was put to death during the reign of Mary.

My 14, 5, 6, 16, 17, 16, 1, was an eminent German painter.

My 15, 23, 11, 16, 20, 15, 20, was a brave Scottish General, who nobly endeavored to rescue his country from the Britisb yoke.

My 16, 13, 2, 11, 19, 27, 24, was the son of Gheziz, who, having received from Bozrhun a bottle of wine, went into Africa, to show men the use of it; but, making some shepherds drunk, they thought he had given them poison, and therefore, threw him into a well.

My 17, 11, 24, 18, 13, 20, was a professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh, born 1766.

My 18, 20, 15, 11, 6, 20, 15, 20, was an accomplished English artist.

My 19, 13, 20, 1, 27, 24, was the son of Sedekiah, who, flying with his father out of Cross into Sicily, and soaring too high, melted the wax of his wings, and fell into the sea, thence called the Icarian sea.

My 20, 4, 24, 20, 5, was a brave British officer, celebrated for his naval victories.

My 21, 4, 11, 20, was a Chancellor of England, beheaded by Henry VIII.

My 22, 6, 6, 4, 20, was a political writer and economist.

My 23, 7, 20, 24, 25, 27, 26, was the most eloquent of the modern Latin authors.

My 24, 28, 1, 23, 25, was a distinguished Scotch historian, poet, and philosopher.

My 25, 20, 17, 1, 4, 25, was a valorous British general under Henry V. and VI.

My 26, 28, 4, 20, 12, 4, 21, 24, was the priestcess of Bacchus.

My 27, 4, 13, 20, 24, was a celebrated Indian chief—a firm friend of the "pale-faces."

My 28, 2, 13, 4, 20, was a Franciscan monk of the 13th century, said to be the inventor of gunpowder.

My 29, 23, 27, 23, 5, was the goddess of new-born infants.

My 30, 4, 18, 26, 4, 5, was one of the most distinguished naval commanders the world ever produced.

My whole was a Major-General in the American army during the Revolutionary war,—a brave, active, and skilful officer.

GARNEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 11, 14, 17, 21, was a celebrated Irish poet.

My 2, 7, 18, 6, 10, was a noted English comedian.

My 3, 20, 5, 8, 26, was a Major-General in the

My 12, 4, 1, 3, 6, 10, 14, was a distinguished English writer.

My 1, 13, 15, 7, 7, was an English novelist.

My 15, 8, 13, 3, 6, was an English poetess.

My 16, 18, 26, 4, 23, 8, was an English martyr.

My 19, 14, 20, 1, 10, 6, 8, was an English novelist.

My whole is an English poet. CITRUS.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 4, 7, 8, is a mineral.

My 2, 6, 10, is a color.

My 3, 6, 9, is a small ornamental vessel.

My 4, 5, 6, 14, is a verb in 3 A.

My 5, 7, 4, 9, 10, is an evil *spirit*.

My 6, 4, 13, 9, is used as a check.

My 7, 10, 6, 11, is a name given to a portion of Hindostan.

My 8, 14, 4, 6, is a woman's name.

My 9, 13, 10, 6, is a salt.

My 10, 6, 4, 2, is a wild animal.

My 11, 14, 3, 6, is a steep-rugged part of a mountain.

My 12, 14, 7, 6, 4, 9, is what follows the chase.

My 13, 7, 11, was one of the heathen gods.

My 14, 8, 1, 4, 6, 4, was one of the Apostles.

My whole is a patriotic, ardent sentiment of the honest

Berkshire, Ohio. FRANK.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 35, 14, 36, 37, 30, 15, 20, was a god of corn.

My 2, 16, 33, 27, 30, 15, 20, was a god of cows.

My 10, 4, 19, 20, 29, 7, was the son of Mars.

My 9, 22, 20, 32, 3, was the daughter of Tantalus.

My 11, 24, 17, 6, 8, was the nymph into which Lotus turned herself.

My 12, 34, 26, 11, 18, was a river of Hell.

My 13, 28, 6, 31, 20, 18, 23, was a blind goddess.

My 21, 25, 20, 5, 20, was the god of the city.

My 1, 15, 9, 20, was a celestial goddess.

My 24, 27, 20, 3, 6, was a name of Bacchus.

My whole was an inscription on the tombstone of one of our Presidents.

T. W. E.

East Town, Virginia.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When *friends* do meet, in house or street,
My first they'll liberty do;
My second is what people eat—
With exception of a few.
My whole was a lord, who, of one accord,
Too ill all adult was wise.
Then let all adult, the *glory* won,
South England's sod be lion.

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a portion and eats;
My second is a verb;
My whole is the name of a fowl,
In marshes its deep notes are heard.

O. L. HADLEY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a commodity
Much used by all mankind—
Of bread I am a particle,
" As you will surely find.

GARNEW.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three numbers in arithmetical progression. The square of the first plus the square of the second equals the square of the third. Required—the numbers?

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The cube of the first term in arithmetical progression of the 1st, is equal to 90; the sum of their squares multiplied by the cube of the second, is equal to 2,720; the sum of their cubes is equal to 630; the sum of their 4th powers, diminished by their squares, is equal to 4,097; and the sum of the 2nd, square of the fourth, cube of the third, fourth power of the second, and fifth power of the first, is equal to 202. What are the numbers?

Red Brush Hill. MATHEMATICUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Noah's wife like a first-class steamer? Because it was a come home (Coin bread.)

☞ Whose nose a man be said to be literally embossed in business? When he's giving a swimming lesson.

☞ Why is an egg like a rule? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

☞ On what material should a spiritualist journal be printed? Wrapping paper.

☞ How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLERS IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

All nations to but not unknown in time;
All observe discretion, which then count not one;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

ALEXANDER POPE.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Sedentaire Hastain Sarrasin, Countess De Hood. CHARADE.—Pot-Hood. CHARADE.—Bee-on-ness (Bacon Hogg.) CHARADE.—Shoe-ma-ker. PROBLEM.—12. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—3, 4, 5 and 6.

Life in Paris.

IMPERIAL RENOUNCINGS OF POMPS AND VANITIES—A DISTRESSING RELAPSE—AN UNRIVALLED SPECTACLE—SOLIDARITY OF NATIONS—A CLOUD BLOWING OVER.

PARIS, June 19, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The important event of the Baptism of the Imperial baby, to which the sight-seers of this part of creation have been looking forward with so much interest ever since there has been at the Tuileries a baby to baptize, came off, as announced, on Saturday last, the 14th inst., and a magnificent affair it certainly was.

Luckily for the crowd, though it rained a little in the forenoon, the weather cleared up as the hour for the march of the procession approached; and the streets gradually came to present that unmistakable holiday appearance that always constitutes the most striking feature of a Parisian fete.

To describe in detail the immense amount of upholstery brought to bear upon the happy occasion, would be, perhaps, as tedious to your readers as impossible to the humble chronicler who now addresses you. Suffice it to say, that all the public buildings, the noble tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, (described in a recent letter) the Palaces of the Imperial Family, and nearly all the houses, were hung profusely with flags and rich draperies, wreaths of flowers, and preparations for the illuminations of the evening; the entire length of the magnificent new Rue de Rivoli, from the Place de la Concorde to the Hotel de Ville, being decorated with superb hangings of the richest crimson velvet, edged with deep gold fringe, most tastefully festooned along the balconies of the first story.

The Boulevard Victoria, a glorious wide new street, opening upon the Square of the Hotel de Ville, bordered with palace-like houses of the beautiful cream-colored free-stone that gives its peculiar character to the buildings of this city, had been converted, in less than twenty-four hours, into a really beautiful park, with a great expanse of turf, cut from some unfortunate region outside the city, filled with beds of magnificent flowers, to furnish which all the hot-house gardens of the capital had been laid under contribution, with winding paths, statues, benches, and, strangest of all, with a profusion of fountains, and long avenues of large poplars, transported bodily from their native groves, to add to the fairy transformations of the scene. To those whose love for trees is made almost reverent by the thought of the long succession of years, the manifold influences of cloud and sunshine, required to bring these glorious children of Nature to perfection, the sight of these marvellous avenues, throwing their "whispering shade" over what was, but yesterday, and will be again a week hence, a crowded and dusty city thoroughfare, was not wholly gratifying; the cost of so transitory a spectacle (for the greater part of these trees will certainly not survive their double transplantation,) being so far out of proportion with the end achieved. But, setting aside this reflection, nothing could be more charming, or more brilliant, than the *coup d'oeil* afforded by this magnificent street; at the entrance of which was a superb triumphal arch of the richest and most imposing construction.

The entire Square of the Hotel de Ville was magnificently ornamented; the Municipal Palace itself representing, by the arrangement of its lines of flags, a ship in full sail, the emblem of Paris from its earliest days, and symbolic of the yearning of the metropolitan heart to see the gay city converted, somehow or other, sooner or later, into a seaport town.

Not only did all Paris turn itself out of doors, as usual, to see what was to be seen, but numerous lines of excursion trains, organized between Paris and London, Brussels and the principal provincial towns, brought no less than 300,000 strangers to swell the tide of promenaders. You may imagine what a pack the sidewalks presented, between the Tuileries and Notre Dame, as five o'clock, the time for the setting out of the *cortege*, drew on! It was, indeed, so dense, that the military and National Guard, who formed the hedge through the whole way, had quite as hard work to keep the centre of the street clear, as on the memorable day when Queen Victoria disappointed the Parisians by making her entry too late to be visible to their eager optics.

At three o'clock, Cardinal Patrizi, the Legate sent by the Pope to perform the baptismal ceremony in his name, left the Tuileries, where he had arrived a few days before, and proceeded to the Cathedral, accompanied by the persons of his suite, and certain members of the Imperial Household, appointed to wait upon him. The Cardinal is a fine-looking old man, with a benevolent and handsome face, and very dignified presence, as befits a "Prince of the Church" founded by the fishermen of Galilee. Two of the splendid carriages so often mentioned in these letters as having been built for the present Court, conveyed the holy man and his companions to Notre Dame.

The grand old pile, hung with banners from base to summit, with a splendid awning of crimson velvet and gold at the principal door, was really hardly to be recognized; especially inside, the whole of the bare, white, and very mouldy and dirty interior having been clothed for the nonce, not with "hangings of blue velvet starred over with gold," as all the journals and common reports had declared would be the case, but with a coating of ultramarine wash, studded with gold stars and bees; the arches of the roof being painted with narrow lines of red, green, and white; and the dull windows of unpainted glass filled with skilful imitations of the jewelled panes of the middle-ages, done with remarkable taste and rapidity, upon sheets of rice-paper, fitted neatly upon the panes. The three great windows above the gallery were done by Marechal, of Metz, the first glass-painter of our day; the others were done by Steinheil. The task of ornamentation was confided to Lassus and Viollet-Leduc, the architects employed in restoring this grand old fane; the latter, besides being one of the first architects of the day, being also the most skillful and elegant designer of patterns for the magnificent laces of Alencon, and the other centres of the lace-making industry, whose unrivalled products set so many feminine hearts aching during the Exhibition of last year.

The lower part of the church was hung with crimson velvet, gold ornaments being everywhere introduced. Magnificent gilded lustres were hung in the nave, where were erected the throne for the Emperor and Empress, raised three steps, under a superb canopy of purple velvet lined with ermine; the throne for the Cardinal, raised two steps; and seats, also raised two steps, for the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family, the Archbishop of Paris, and the principal clergy.

Benches covered with velvet were prepared for the delegates of the various bodies of the State, the Prefects, Learned Corporations, Foreign Ministers and visitors.

A more brilliant spectacle than that afforded by this rich and picturesque interior, the High Altar flooded with the light of innumerable tapers, the colored rays coming down from above, the gorgeous robes of the priests, the magnificent forms and orders of the men, and the gay evening toilettes of the women, laden with flowers and jewels, it would be difficult to imagine; but as no one had the pleasure of sitting in one's place, obtained after so much effort and management, from two o'clock until seven, you may imagine that the privileged beholders of the splendid ceremony were not sorry to see themselves at home on its conclusion.

At half-past five a salute of cannon announced that the *cortege* had quitted the Tuileries. It consisted of all the magnificent carriages of glass and gilding prepared for the coronation, together with sundry others of the same kind, but infinitely less elegant, built under previous reigns; and a vast number of the plainer, but very magnificent equipages used by the present Court on ordinary occasions. The two carriages containing the Empress's ladies, were the objects of general curiosity; their contents being seemingly composed of nothing but fleecy masses of white muslin, garnished, in the one, with pink ribbons, in the other, with lilac ones. No sign of heads, or arms, or anything human was visible; for, I am sorry to have to record the heart-rending fact, the Empress, after leaving off her crinoline, and thus exciting hopes of a speedy reformation of the feminine toilette as to the matter of amplitude, has taken to an additional allowance of starched muslin, and is now presenting a more enormous circumference than ever before!

As her ladies dutifully follow the Imperial example, their petticoats are so vast, that it seems impossible that the human frame can support them; and the masses of white that so puzzled the crowd, proved, on the arrival of the carriages at Notre Dame, to be neither more nor less than the circumambient drapery of a pair of the great ladies who attend Her Majesty, and who had excessive difficulty in stowing themselves in the roomy conveyances appropriated to their transport.

"This style of dress," remarked to me an unfortunate aid-de-camp on duty in one of these carriages, "is positively indecent. I do assure you that I was literally enveloped in muslin to my chin, and could hardly avoid being smothered; for the masses of light drapery hung upon the persons of the ladies on whom I had the honor of attending, puffed up around us in every direction, quite filling the coach, so that I may say in the perfect truth, that I went to Notre Dame hidden under their petticoats!"

Moreover, the Cardinal, finding that the ladies were to be present in low dresses and bare-headed, was scandalized, and begged that such might not be the case; and at last the matter was compromised by the promise that the ladies of the court should wear veils over their heads.

Accordingly, the most transparent *tulle* that court-milliners could lay their hands on, was procured for the purpose of veiling the fair dames and their worldly attractions from the pious eyes of the priests; that is to say, each lady, from the Empress with her magnificent blue silk robe and train, a yard and a half wide, trimmed with lace nearly a yard deep, and surmounted by a dazzling crown of diamonds, to the Ladies of Honor, in their muslin draperies, and wreaths of white flowers, wore a bewitching veil, looking more like some etherial mist than any product of earthly looms, so light that it floated round them in the most graceful fashion, and so transparent that it only served to render the effect of their very worldly toilettes ten times more picturesque and dangerous.

The governess and sub-dittoes in white also, and the nurse—the latter looking very glorious in her gown of bright yellow cachemere, trimmed with green velvet, after the fashion of her Burgundian home, and a most curious pile of lace towering above her head—came in a carriage by themselves, Madame Bruat carrying the baby, dressed in the costly lace frock described in a former letter, over a slip of white satin, trimmed with blue ribbons, and wrapped in a blue velvet cloak, lined with ermine. He is a fine child, large for his age, with blue eyes like his mother's, an ugly nose like that of his papa, a good red-and-white complexion, and a very respectable crop of very light, silky hair.

When the ladies of the court, having shaken out their enormous skirts to their fullest extent, walked into the church, the gentlemen present were so taken aback by their incredible amplitude, that they set up an involuntary "hurrah!" of horror and amazement, much to the scandal of the priests and the beadles; and it was some minutes before the expression of their displeasure subsided. Next came the Imperial pair; the Emperor in a General's uniform, with breeches, and wearing the Garter, to say nothing of his being covered with the orders which all the sovereigns of Europe have been offering him. The Empress looked more like a spirit than a woman of flesh and blood, being excessively thin, and so white that she seems to have been changed into wax. But she is one of those privileged few who, though certainly not beautiful in the ordinary sense of the word, and as her flatterers pretend, possesses the rare gift of looking indescribably lovely, under any and every circumstance.

I spare your readers the details of the tapers, the ewer and basin, the napkin, &c., presented by the ladies of the Empress, in the name of the absent godfather, represented by the Cardinal-Legate, and of the godmother, represented by the Grand Duchess of Baden, and Prince Oscar of Sweden, son of her absent Swedish Majesty; of all the takings up and layings-down of these emblems, and the incidents of the short ceremony, during which the baby was irreverent enough to squall lustily three or four times; of the acclamations of the courtly company, the devout prayers of the Emperor and Empress, and of the return of the Court in the same order in which they had come, with the exception of the baby, nurse, and governess, who suddenly disappeared from view under the splendid robes of the priests, a passage leading from under the platform on which they were seated, into a temporary nursery fitted for the reception of the Imperial baby on his way back to his carriage and the Tuileries.

The Court went directly to the Hotel de Ville, where a grand banquet had been prepared, the Imperial table being set out according to Russian custom, with only fruit and flowers, in addition to the magnificent plate of the city of Paris, valued at the trifling sum of five millions of dollars.

The Emperor was warmly cheered, both going and returning; his visits to the scene of the late terrible inundations have added much to his popularity with the masses.

After the banquet, the Imperial guests went out upon a terrace erected for them in front of the Hotel de Ville, to see the illuminations.

These were repeated on the following night, accompanied by the most magnificent fireworks ever seen in Paris. The latter represented a Gothic Church, with baptistry, font, &c.; in fact, a reproduction of the scene at Notre Dame the day before, succeeded by a variety of beautiful changes, and winding up with a superb discharge of colored stars, rockets, wheat-sheaves, that lit up the horizon for many miles, the noise of the discharge being distinctly audible ten miles off. Meantime the wall of the Tuileries Gardens, on the Place de la Concorde, reproduced the marvellous illumination of Versailles on the visit of Queen Victoria.

I must not omit that the theatres had been opened gratis through the day; that climbing and running-matches went on in several quarters, the prizes being given by the Emperor; and that some 300 small balloons had been let off, dropping little bags of "baptismal sweetmeats" over the crowd and the country, packets of the same having been distributed, by order of the Prefect of the Seine, to all the children in the common schools of Paris and the suburbs.

A grand ball at the Hotel de Ville, on the 16th, concluded the "three day's wonder" of the baptism.

The movement in England, on behalf of the victims of the inundations, is cordially appreciated here, as a convincing proof of the reality of the great change from jealousy to good-will and fraternal sympathy which is taking place in the sentiments of the two nations.

The more amicable appearance of the relations between England and the United States, is also hailed with great satisfaction here, mingled, however, with a very rational feeling of amazement that the Governments of two peoples so intimately connected by blood, interest, and destiny, should have managed to get their constituents into so threatening a snarl.

QUANTUM.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 329—Adults 93, and children 236.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On July 7th, Mr. Yulee reported a joint resolution, which was passed, appropriating $10,000 for the continuance of the mail service between Charleston, South Carolina and Havana, during the months of August and September, for which the present contract does not provide.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the bill for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River, which had been vetoed by the President.

Messrs. Slidell and Cass severally spoke in favor of the bill.

The question was then taken: "Shall the bill pass; the objection of the President to the contrary notwithstanding?" when the vote resulted—yeas 31, nays 12—as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Bell of New Hampshire, Bell of Tennessee, Benjamin, Bright, Brown, Cass, Collamer, Crittenden, Dodge, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Geyer, Hale, James, Johnson, Jones of Iowa, Pearce, Pugh, Sebastian, Seward, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson of Kentucky, Trumbull, Wade and Weller—31.

Nays—Messrs. Biggs, Brodhead, Butler, Clay, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Hunter, Mason, Reid, Toombs, Toucey and Yulee—12.

The Chairman announced that two-thirds of those present having voted for the bill it was passed.

Mr. Mason thought it required two-thirds of all the members of the Senate, and appealed from the decision of the Chair.

Some discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Seward, Benjamin, Thompson of Kentucky, Crittenden, Slidell and others sustained the Chair, and Messrs. Butler, Clay, Toombs, Mason and others opposed the decision, when, a vote being taken, the chair was sustained—yeas 34; nays 7.

The Senate then passed the St. Mary's River and the St. Clair Flats Improvement Bills, over the President's veto—the former by a vote of 28 yeas to 12 nays, and the latter by a vote of 28 yeas to 9 nays.

On July 8th, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, to which was referred the bill from the House to admit Kansas into the Union as a State, reported back the same with an amendment, striking out the preamble and all after the enacting clause, and inserting the bill passed by the Senate on Thursday.

Mr. Douglas then proceeded to advocate the amendment. He remarked that the proposition before the Senate was a plain one, namely—whether they would admit Kansas with the Topeka Constitution, or whether they would substitute the proposition which, after having been modified to obviate the objections made against it, had been adopted by the Senate the other night, after a full and thorough examination. There was no evidence whether a majority or a minority of the people of Kansas voted for the Topeka Constitution; but it was known that the Constitution which had been presented here, and which it was now proposed to legalize, was a mutilated document. That fact was ascertained, not only from general report and newspaper statements, but it was proved by the report of the House Committee of Investigation, and in commenting on that report he characterized it as partial, unfair, and unreliable. He argued the fairness and justice of the proposition submitted by him.

Mr. Collamer, a member of the Committee on Territories, said the bill reported might appear very plausible, but the existing circumstances of the case rendered the adoption of that measure exceedingly improper. He believed the only true and sound mode to afford redress for the existing evils was first to remove the cause of those evils. It would not do to say that the evils should be remedied, but at the same time declare that the cause which produced them should not be touched. Such a course seemed to be inconsistent, unreasonable and paradoxical. With reference to the provision allowing settlers to return to Kansas, he said there was a blockade of the Territories by men of violence, whose habitations are full of instruments of cruelty, and that it was impossible for them to get back.

The same power that drove men away was still in the ascendancy, and no provision had been made for their security in the Territory. Thus it was but a mockery of justice to tell them if they would return they would be allowed to vote, while they have not the power to return. Hence they would derive no advantage from this bill, although its provisions appeared to be so fair and plausible.

Mr. Pierce spoke briefly in favor of the amendment.

Mr. Hale opposed it saying, in the course of his remarks, that the President came from some of the best stock in New Hampshire. His father was brave and patriotic, and he believed the son equally so. He had said this when President Pierce was in the zenith of his power, and expected to be a candidate at the next election, and he would say it now, when the President had fallen so low that the Senate would ride rough-shod over his vetoes, and only eight or ten members could be found to stand by him.

Various amendments were offered and lost, among which was one offered by Mr. Collamer in favor of prohibiting slavery in that part of the Louisiana purchase north of 36 30, not included within the State of Kansas, which was rejected by a vote of 30 nays to 12 yeas.

The amendment reported by the Committee was then agreed to—yeas 33, nays 12—and the bill, thus amended, passed.

On July 9th, Mr. Johnson, from the Committee on Printing reported in favor of the motion to print 20,000 extra copies of the Kansas bill, as passed by the Senate, adversely to the motion to print the amendments proposed and the ayes and nays taken thereon.

Mr. Trumbull thought that if the Senate was going to send this forth as an electioneering document, the action taken on the various amendments ought to go with it, so as to present fair views of the subject.

Mr. Weller wished the report of the Committee to be concurred in. The position held by the majority of the Senate had been very much misrepresented, and it was desirable that the public mind should be set right.

Mr. Wilson was willing to send to the country as many copies of the bill as the majority desired. He regarded the bill as intended to carry on the work which the border ruffians of Missouri commenced in March, 1855, and the people of the country so understood it. Why was not this bill brought up in the early part of the session, before Kansas was conquered? Since that time Kansas has been twice or thrice invaded, houses burned, cities sacked, and some Free State men murdered, while others were driven out of the Territory, and those on their way thither arrested, disarmed and sent back to their former home. In the face of these facts, produced by the Kansas Investigating Committee, a proposition is brought forward at this time taking positions precisely contrary to those assumed six months ago, holding out the appearance of fairness and justice, but keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope.

Mr. Wade took similar ground to that endorsed by Mr. Wilson. He was willing that the bill should be scattered broadcast over the country, for it showed that the doctrine of popular sovereignty was renounced and entirely given up by the Democratic party. The bill also virtually admitted that the Territorial Legislature was a fraud, for it legislated right over their heads, and annulled many of its acts.

Mr. Douglas vindicated the Senate bill. He said the Republicans did not want peace in Kansas until after the election, and it was all a game for political effect.

Mr. Hale opposed the bill, drawing a vivid picture of burning dwellings, mourning widows and weeping orphans in Kansas, attributing all the devastation and suffering there, to the removal of the old landmarks by the repeal of the Missouri restriction.

Mr. Fessenden argued that the design of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was to make Kansas a slave State.

Mr. Toombs denied that the measure introduced by him had any other object than appeared on its face. It was to protect the inhabitants of Kansas and to restore peace. There was no design to make it a slave State, unless the inhabitants should so desire.

Mr. Crittenden vindicated the consistency of his own course on the Kansas bill.

Mr. Wilson denied that he had ever misrepresented the bill. The adoption of that bill would close the question and make Kansas a slaveholding State. He had never uttered a sentiment calculated to excite violence in Kansas. The free State men had nothing to gain by violence; they only desire peace, order, security and protection in their rights. It was not true that the Emigrant Aid Society had caused the troubles. That was a peaceful, lawful organization, and had spent $80,000 in erecting hotels and saw mills in Kansas. He had heard so much about chivalry that with him it was another name for scoundrelism.

During the debate Mr. Bigler, in reply to the allusion to Mr. Buchanan's political orthodoxy, denied the story about his having said that if he had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins, he would let it out. If Mr. Buchanan had tried such an experiment, he would have bled to death, for he was Democratic all over. Mr. Bigler insisted that Mr. Wilson had misrepresented the Kansas bill, which warranted no conclusion that it was intended to make Kansas a slaveholding State.

After some further debate the resolution to print was adopted.

On July 10th, the Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and sundry amendments adopted. The bill then passed.

Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to amend the act of last session, to remodel the diplomatic and consular system, which was made the special order for Monday next. The principal changes proposed are, making the salary of the Minister to France the same as that of the Minister to England, $17,500; raising the Austrian mission to a full mission at $12,000; the salary of the Minister to the Sandwich Islands $6,000. The Ministers to France and England are each to be allowed a clerk at a salary of $1,500.

The bill to amend the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy was then taken up.

Several amendments were made; among them one striking out the section reviving the grade of Admiral. The Senate then adjourned.

On July 11, Sixteen private bills passed, one of them giving to the widow of Commodore Decatur a pension of fifty dollars a month for five years.

The bill for the relief of McCormick, proposing to allow him to go before the Commissioner for a renewal of his patent, on the ground that a former application was refused through a technicality, was debated, and rejected by nine majority.

On July 12th, the Senate was not in session.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on July 7th, a resolution was passed to supply all new members with books of a public character, similar to those furnished to members of the last Congress.

A Message was received from the President, in reply to a resolution of the House relative to the appropriation heretofore made for procuring from Mr. Powers, the sculptor, some work of art to adorn the Capitol, and from which it appears that negotiations for that purpose are still pending.

The House ordered to be engrossed for a third reading the bill providing for a settlement of the claims of officers of the revolutionary army, and the widows and orphans of those who died in the service.

The Senate bill, authorizing the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, was ordered to be printed, together with certain amendments prepared, to be offered by Messrs. Dunn, Haven, and Bennett, of New York.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked leave to offer a resolution providing for the appointment of a Select Committee by the Speaker, to report a bill for the adjustment of the difficulties in Kansas, and the restoration of peace and good order, embracing provisions for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, the protection of voters, the removal of test oaths, &c.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, said the Senate bill was good enough for him, and moved an adjournment, which was carried.

On July 8th, the Senate bill for enlarging the Custom House, Post Office, and Court House buildings at Milwaukie and Detroit, and for the construction of a building for similar purposes at Dubuque, was earnestly debated, and then referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

A Message was received from the Senate, announcing the passage by that body of the bills for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi river, and the Flats of the St. Clair and St. Mary's rivers, notwithstanding the President's vetoes of the same. An account of the Senate's proceedings, and a copy of the President's objections, accompanied the Message.

The bill to remove the obstructions from the mouths of the Mississippi was then read.

The Speaker announced the question, "Will the House, upon a reconsideration of this bill, agree to its passage?"

The bill passed by a vote of 143 yeas to 55 nays.

The bill for deepening the channel over the St. Clair Flats was then passed. Yeas, 139; nays 55.

The bill for deepening the channel over the Flats of the St. Mary's river passed. Yeas 130; nays 54.

On July 9th, Mr. Cragin, from the joint Committee on Printing, submitted a resolution to print one hundred thousand copies of the majority and minority reports of the Select Committee, appointed to investigate the assault of Mr. Brooks upon Senator Sumner, at a cost of nine cents per copy.

On motion of Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, the number was reduced to ten thousand, and the resolution, thus modified, was passed.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, called up the report from the Select Committee, relative to Mr. Brooks's assault on Senator Sumner, which concludes with a resolution to expel Mr. Brooks, and expressing disapprobation of the conduct of Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, moved a substitute, declaring that the House had no jurisdiction over the subject, and therefore deem it improper to express any opinion thereon.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said that the resolutions were predicated in the complaint to the House by the Senate, charging that the privileges of the Senate had been violated by a member of this body, in his assault on the person of the Senator from Massachusetts. The testimony on the subject is full, and the facts as stated in the report of the majority of the committee are not controverted by the minority. That a violent assault was committed, is established beyond doubt. He claimed that the House has full power to protect its purity and dignity, as recommended by the majority of the committee.

Mr. Clingman said this matter had produced great excitement in the country. He had not been here many years, and yet had seen much stronger cases than this of fights when the House was in session. He recapitulated those personal rencontres, remarking that the House did not take action in any of them. His object was to show that the occurrence now under consideration was sought to be magnified, with a view to make political capital. A certain party, thinking that their sands of life were running low, desire to get up a great excitement. There was nothing to justify it. He thought the argument of the minority of the Committee took the proper ground, and contended that no breach of privilege had been committed by Mr. Brooks. Were he to speak of Senator Sumner's speech as its character deserved, he would have to adopt a collection of coarse and offensive expressions. No man has the right to indulge in vituperation, as Franklin says, without subjecting himself to be called to account.—Those of courage are rarely abusive, but those who falsify, are generally cowards. He believed Mr. Sumner was closely identified with the Garrison and Phillips school, and was for disunion. If that Senator wanted to degrade the country and the Senate, he might well indulge in such things. In conclusion, Mr. Clingman said there was nothing in the assault to justify the indignation of the country, and it was not a matter for the House to interfere with, and ought to be left to the judicial tribunal.

Mr. Bingham submitted to the House that while Mr. Clingman lectured members as to their propriety of conduct, he indulged in the most gross and personal abuse which could fall from the lips of any man. Who constituted Mr. Clingman the censor of the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts? The freedom of speech and security of person underlies every representative system of Government, and on the maintenance of this great principle depends the life of a State.—Without its observance there would be no free State and no free people. This case involved more than a mere assault and battery. It involved the guilty in a violation of Representative privilege and contempt, and a crime against the great principle of free speech. No civil tribunal has the cognizance of this House. Justice Story, when speaking of the privileges of the two Houses, says these rights are the rights and privileges of their constituents. Yet, gentlemen here represent this as an ordinary case of assault and battery. Mr. Brooks violated the spirit of that Constitution he had sworn to support—that Constitution which protects the Senator in freedom of speech and debate. The Senator being beaten and left dripping in blood for having denounced tyranny and slavery, the sum of all villainies which makes merchandise of mortality, he was felled and made to bleed. A bludgeon was used, the weapon of a barbarous age—the instrument was in perfect keeping with the act.

Mr. Brooks expressed his gratification that Mr. Bingham had disclaimed any personal unkindness, and asked him whether he understood him as saying that he (Brooks) was guilty of moral turpitude or perjury?

Mr. Bingham—That consideration has never entered into my mind.

Mr. Brooks replied—Altogether satisfactory.

Mr. Orr said that Mr. Bingham, after indulging in a beautiful paroxysm, asserted that Mr. Sumner was stricken down in consequence of the pleading he set up in behalf of the injured people of Kansas. It was attempted to produce such an impression upon the public mind, but it was not true, in point of fact. Mr. Sumner was punished for a libel on South Carolina and a slander on Mr. Butler, the absent relative of Mr. Brooks, who so informed Mr. Sumner. Franklin was right when he said that freedom of speech was the freedom of the cudgel. This was no more against a Senator than against a newspaper editor, whose foul slanders against private individuals are often punished by blows, there being no remedy by law. It was not true that Mr. Sumner was struck down with a bludgeon. The testimony showed that it was an ordinary walking cane, one witness testifying that it was one inch in thickness above, and five-eighths of an inch below. Fair play is a jewel. The design of this misrepresentation is to operate on the Presidential election. Who ever heard before of a personal difficulty being magnified as this had been? Mr. Orr alluded to gentlemen voting to-day to print 100,000 copies of the report on the assault as an electioneering document.

Mr. Hickman, rising amid much confusion, said—I did not vote for it as an electioneering document, for I owe no allegiance to the Republican party, and am opposed to it.

Mr. Orr—If the gentleman is not, his public position has been much misunderstood throughout the country. It is part of a system to inflame the public mind, and if the gentleman from Pennsylvania did not vote for the proposition, he cast a vote, the effect of which was to injure the party to which the gentleman professes to belong.

Mr. Hickman desired to reply, but objection was made from various quarters.

Mr. Orr quoted the testimony of Dr. Boyle, to show that the physical condition of Mr. Sumner had been misrepresented for political effect, and concluded by arguing that the case pending was not a question of privilege. Adjourned.

On July 10th, the resolution of Mr. Ball, asking for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the subject of alleged frauds in the construction of Public Buildings, was taken up.

Mr. Elliott remarked that the resolution charged improper conduct on the part of the officers of the Treasury Department. He was authorized to say that Secretary Guthrie will shrink from no investigation, which will, doubtless, prove that the allegations were but slanders and political falsehoods.

Mr. Ball replied that there was no insinuation in the resolution against Mr. Guthrie. The preamble thereto embodies an affidavit reflecting on certain officers, and this is the basis of the proposed inquiry.

After further debate the resolution passed, and Messrs. Ball, Kennett, Barnett, King, and Cadwallader, were appointed the Committee.

The consideration of the report of the Committee relative to the assault by Mr. Brooks upon Mr. Sumner, was then resumed.

Mr. Comins, of Massachusetts, said he had no terms of condemnation of the assault which did justice to the perpetrator. In contemplating the report of the Committee and the issue involved, all local, political, and personal feeling sunk into insignificance. He asked not sympathy for Mr. Sumner, nor a vindication of Massachusetts, but implored every member who loved peace and quiet, and order, to join as one man, and roll back the tide of ruffian violence which was becoming prominent, prevalent, and arrogant. The murderous blow which fell upon Mr. Sumner, fell not on Massachusetts more than any other State. The slave power having failed to sustain itself in intellectual conflict, resorted to brute force, and with a bludgeon beat freedom over the head. The slave power had trampled the Constitution into the dust, and there was very little more for the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Cobb) to do than to draw marginal black lines around it, and write the word "expunged" across its face. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Comins alluded to the mission of Samuel Hoar to South Carolina.

Mr. Aiken interrupted him, pronouncing, on his own responsibility, one of Mr. Comins' statements false.

Some confusion was thus produced.

Mr. Letcher rose to a question of order. What may have occurred in South Carolina had nothing to do with the issue pending here.

Mr. Houston likewise interposed, saying the remarks of Mr. Comins were irrelevant.

Mr. Giddings earnestly called him to order.

The speaker defined the rights of members in debate, and decided that Mr. Comins could not be interrupted.

Mr. Letcher did not insist on his point of order.

Mr. Comins resumed, expressing his amazement at the stern stolidity of the Senate concerning their privileges and dignity, at which a deadly blow was aimed. In conclusion, he referred in terms of commendation to the remarks of General James Watson Webb, that the outrage merited death upon the spot, to be administered by any one present. He could not see how the friends of Mr. Brooks could object to his expulsion from the House.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, said he had hoped that no disposition would have been evinced to avoid the issue as furnished by the fact. The allegation that the assault was made in consequence of Mr. Sumner's anti-slavery speech or sentiments, was not founded in truth, nor supported by the evidence. Let the question be met fairly. The testimony showed, that the assault was made in consequence of a personal insult offered to a friend and kinsman of Mr. Brooks, and an indignity cast upon the State which in part Mr. Brooks represented. It is so stated by Mr. Sumner, as the reason given by Mr. Brooks at the time the assault was made. As to drawing black lines around the Constitution, as recommended by Mr. Comins, he who was prepared for the damnable deed might do it. It was no part of his duty, and the invitation met no response in his heart.

Mr. Comins said he alluded to the slave power.

Mr. Cobb, continuing, remarked that he raised his voice in behalf of the Constitution, planted himself on its provisions, and called on gentlemen to enforce them. He then argued that this was not such a question as justified the jurisdiction of the House. The Constitution protected members only so far as was necessary to legislative purposes. Beyond this they were on a level with their humblest constituents, and responsible for the libels they might utter. With regard to Messrs. Edmunson and Keitt, whom the majority of the committee proposed to censure, they were guilty of no disorderly behavior within the province of the House to punish. Neither was a principal nor an accessory to the assault, because they took no steps to prevent the perpetration of the act, or inform Mr. Sumner of his danger. The Committee say their neglect was reprehensible, thus, in effect, proposing to punish a man who, receiving a confidential communication, fails to become a public informer.

Mr. Pennington argued in support of the principles advanced by the report of the committee, saying he imputed to Mr. Brooks no murderous purpose, but in the eye of the law, the weapon used was a murderous one, and wielded in a murderous manner.

Mr. Foster said he had no personal acquaintance with either Mr. Sumner or Mr. Brooks, and hence he could argue the subject dispassionately. He contended that it was clear to him as the sun in the heaven, that the House, under the Constitution, had no jurisdiction in the premises, and condemned the inflammatory appeals resorted to in this case.

The House then adjourned.

On July 11th, Mr. Oliver, of Missouri, from the minority of the Kansas Investigating Committee, made a report, in which he says that the resolution on which the Committee was raised was simply to collect evidence and report it to the House. He had no expectation of anything beyond this being done. He arraigns the report of the majority as altogether *ex parte*, remarking that many of the statements are without facts from the testimony to support them.

He states that the evidence shows that General Whitfield was duly elected a delegate to Congress in November, 1854; and while the testimony is conflicting and directly contradictory in the same points relative to the election in March, 1855, for members of the Legislature, yet from the whole, it clearly appears that the Anti-Slavery party was in the minority in 14 out of the 18 districts.

The aggregate of the votes cast for the candidates throughout the Territory, as they appear on the poll-books, was short of 800, while by the census taken of the Territory before, there were 2,905 legal voters, without any allowance for the immigration of bona fide settlers after the census and before the election. He states that there was no evidence of any force or violence, being used to prevent any man from voting in the entire Territory—no evidence of a single assault and battery about voting that day—no evidence assailing in the slightest degree the correctness of Gov. Reeder's judgment in awarding certificates of election to the members of the Legislature. That Legislature was a proper law making body, and therefore its laws are valid as far as consistent with the Constitution of the United States, and the organic act; and Gen. Whitfield being duly elected in pursuance of a law thus passed, was entitled to his seat.

Mr. Oliver reviews at great length the existing troubles in Kansas, saying that from the evidence they are properly chargeable to the revolutionary movements of those who got up the Topeka Convention, and have pledged themselves to resist the laws at all hazards.

The House then resumed the consideration of the report of the Committee on the Sumner assault.

Mr. Allison contended that this subject involved not only the rights of Mr. Sumner, but of the people. This was not merely a private quarrel. The sanctity of the Senate Chamber had been violated by a member of this House, which, however unpleasant, should banish the offender.

Mr. Bocock said there was no case on record showing the expulsion of a member for assault and battery. He argued that the case pending did not warrant the interposition of the House, no such "disorderly behaviour," for which the Constitution provides a punishment, having been committed.

Mr. Simmons argued that the protection of members from insult, for anything said in debate, was essential to the freedom of debate, and therefore sustained the position taken by the Select Committee in their report.

Mr. Wilson said that this whole matter had been invested with an importance quite unmerited; when the facts were developed, it would be found to be nothing but a personal controversy. The House had only a limited power over its members, and could not punish for "disorderly behaviour," unless committed in open session, and could not expel for offences committed elsewhere.

Mr. Edie said the House owed it to themselves, for the protection of their rights—they owed it to the nation, in defence of a great constitutional principle—to pass the resolution of expulsion, and much as he regretted its necessity, he was constrained to vote for its passage.

Mr. Giddings tendered to Mr. Brooks the whole sympathies of his heart, for he recollected that, fifteen years ago, he himself stood here accused, but on a different charge, without being permitted to open his lips, or a friend to utter a sentiment in his behalf. He said Mr. Brooks had satisfied the law relative to the assault and battery, but he had not atoned for the great crime committed against the Constitution, and the blow made at the sovereign rights of the people. He (Mr. G.) endorsed every word of Mr. Sumner's speech.

On July 12th, after some preliminary business the House resumed the debate on the Sumner assault.

Mr. Cullom, who was entitled to the floor, yielded it to Mr. English, who wished to offer an amendment to the pending resolution, to the effect that the House declare its disapprobation of the assault, and deem this a fit occasion to express its disapprobation of the use of language in debate personally offensive to individual members or to the States of this Union.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, wished to know whether the offering of this would prevent him from amending the original resolution.

The Speaker replied that it would not prevent Mr. Campbell from perfecting the original resolution.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said he should move the previous question, so as to take the vote on Monday morning, with the understanding that if the parties implicated desire to be heard, he will withdraw the motion for their benefit, but not for reopening the general debate.

Voices—"That's right!"

Mr. Cullom was fully satisfied that the House has jurisdiction on this subject. He thought Mr. Edmundson should be exempted from the censure proposed by the Committee. If prompted by his feelings he could wish for Mr. Brooks' acquittal, but a sense of public duty compelled him to say that Mr. Brooks' offence should be punished.

Mr. Boyce argued that no man could be punished except in pursuance of previous law. The act of Mr. Brooks was not "disorderly conduct" in the sense the Constitution intended. The power to expel did not embrace a general class of offences, but was restricted to offences in violation of the rules of order.

Mr. Etheridge relied on the clause of the Constitution which had been quoted, to show that the House had no jurisdiction over this offence, to prove that the same clause does confer jurisdiction. Relative to the question—"For what cause may the House expel a member?" that was for the House to determine. This power never had been abused and would not be now. He condemned the extremes of both sections.

Mr. Nichols said this act constituted an offence of which the House must take cognizance. When Mr. Brooks concluded to assail Mr. Sumner, he made up his mind to take all the consequences, and therefore neither he nor his friends should complain, should the House express its disapprobation of the act.

Mr. Knapp earnestly condemned the assault, and endorsed the sentiment of Massachusetts, as expressed in the resolutions of her Legislature.

Mr. Woodruff spoke of the assault as a brutal outrage. It had been said there was not enough of the spirit of manliness here to purge the body. Let the trial be made. Then it would be known who dared to screen audacity and give countenance to crime.

Mr. Granger said the assault was committed in a highly aggravated and disgraceful manner. It was not so much the fault or the misfortune of Mr. Brooks as the malign influence of Slavery, which is the foster-mother of all political mischief.

Mr. Cadwallader, while admitting that the House has jurisdiction, said the exercise of it in such a case as the present would be unparliamentary, illegal and dangerous, for the privileges of debate cannot be made a vehicle of defamation and slander.

Mr. Hickman regarded the doctrine advanced by Mr. Cadwallader as monstrous and untenable. The gross outrage on Mr. Sumner was violative of the law of the land, the privileges of the Senate, and the rights and powers of the House.

Mr. Savage said Mr. Brooks had violated the law, for which he had more than atoned. Instead of being fined three hundred dollars, *three cents* would have been sufficient. Instead of being punished, Mr. Brooks should have a statue erected to his honor. Mr. Sumner's speech was the most corrupt and abominable collection of falsehood, malice, and slander that ever emanated from any period of any age.

Messrs. Taylor, Stewart, Branch, Houston, Bowie, Ready, and Florence denied the constitutional jurisdiction of the House in the premises.

Messrs. Tyson, Allison of New York, Kunkel, Hall of Massachusetts, Damrell, Durfee, Purviance, Leiter and Campbell of Penna took the opposite ground. The latter said, in reply to Mr. Savage, that if a monument was to be reared to Mr. Brooks, let it be erected on Southern soil, having the inscription "Freedom of speech, with freedom of the cudgel."

During the discussion, Mr. Edmundson said he wished to be heard before the debate closed.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said he did not intend moving the previous question till every member directly or indirectly implicated shall be heard.

Mr. Edmundson asked whether any notice had been served upon him relative to the action contemplated against him. Every rule of right had been violated in his case.

Mr. Letcher said the remedy for the attack was outside this Hall. If the law is violated, there is protection for the one and punishment for the other. If a member does not treat his fellows like a gentleman, he runs the risk of having his head cracked, and if blows come he ought to take them.

Mr. Edmundson then obtained the floor, and at 9 o'clock, P. M., the House adjourned.

Convention of Kansas Aid Committees.

The Kansas Aid Committees met at Kremlin Hall, in Buffalo, on July 9th, Gov. Reeder presiding. The stated object of the Convention is to secure, as far as possible, unity and efficiency of action throughout the country, on behalf of freedom for Kansas. A committee to draw up resolutions was appointed. Most of the session was consumed in addresses upon the wrongs and wants of Kansas.

W. Barnes, of New York, and W. F. Malay, of Illinois, were appointed Secretaries, and Z. Chandler, of Michigan, W. Penn Clark, of Iowa, and Thomas Russell, of Massachusetts, Vice-Presidents.

A committee of thirteen was appointed to report a plan for the aid of Kansas.

A letter was received from General Lane, recommending routes by which to march troops through Iowa and Kansas. Reported to the Committee.

On July 10th, the following resolutions were reported to the committee and adopted:

Resolved, That we will proceed to appoint a National Kansas Committee of honest and upright men, to whose discretion the whole conduct of our sacred cause shall be entrusted; the said committee shall be composed of one person from each State, as far as there are States in which suitable persons can be found, and that five additional members shall be put upon the committee, who are to reside in the city of Chicago, and that three shall constitute a quorum, and Chicago be the usual place of meeting of the committee.

Resolved, That by all that is precious and urgent in the claims of Kansas and liberty, we call on the friends of justice and humanity, to organize forthwith State, County, Town, and Township organizations, for the purpose of obtaining monthly subscriptions of money, to enable the National Committee to bring to a speedy and successful close the great work which we shall commit to its hands.

Resolved, That the contributions of each month should not fall short of one hundred thousand dollars, and that those of the present month should be paid to the committee by the first day of August, by the first day of September, and in like manner thereafter.

Resolved, That the Convention recommend to all emigrants to Kansas to travel through the State of Iowa, and that Congress be urgently requested to establish a daily mail from Topeka via Nebraska to Iowa city; also, a daily mail via Nebraska to Mount Pleasant and Burlington, Iowa.

Gerrit Smith introduced resolutions that armed men must be sent to Kansas to conquer the armed men who come against her, and that justification for sending them is to be found in the refusal of the Government to do it, and that the Government, instead of protecting Kansas, is the great upholder of the oppression and outrages which she suffers. Other resolutions, less ultra, were introduced by Governor Reeder, and others, and referred to the committee.

Gov. Reeder spoke in favor of the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution, and in denunciation of the Senate bill, which he characterized as designed by the slave power to perpetuate their sway in Kansas.

In conclusion he spoke of Mr. Smith's resolutions as too ultra.

Mr. Smith defended his resolutions as only recommending the sending of an armed force to Kansas to resist an armed force already there. He believed the time for resistance had arrived. He had already given all the money he could spare for books, provisions, and agricultural implements for Kansas, and he felt that he was now called upon to contribute means to arm men and send them out to fight.

Mr. Smith continued at some length in the same strain, and was replied to by Gov. Reeder, who was in favor of waiting a while longer, not because Kansas had not received wrongs enough, but because he thought it better to wait until an effective blow could be struck. If it had fallen on him to use the power of the Government, he would not have waited, but the oppressors of Kansas would have long ere this been converted into heaps of dead men on the field of Missouri. He was therefore willing to wait until they had the power he would have them used. But he did not wish to give the South notice of their intentions, by marching armed men into their territory. He wanted the enemy to have the first notice of the blow in the blow itself. The Free State party takes the grounds that they will exhaust all peaceful remedies, and that being done, they will resist to the death, and fill the soil with the dead bodies of their oppressors.

Mr. Gerrit Smith suggested if this chain of reasoning be correct, the Convention should sit with closed doors, as the South could not but know that something was to be done, when resolutions passed for raising $100,000 per month.

In the afternoon, the Committee on Resolutions reported, declaring the Federal Administration an upholder of oppression and outrages in Kansas; that the attempt to force slavery into Kansas must, at whatever cost, be defeated; that the bill just passed by the Senate is deceptive and fraudulent, redressing no wrongs, and only designed to make Kansas a slave State. They pledge increased exertion to make the State free, and declare that many precedents warrant the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution. The resolutions were adopted.

After some debate, Eli Thayer was appointed general agent, to superintend the formation of State Committees.

A collection was then taken up, Gerrit Smith giving $1,500 a month during the war, and handing in his check for the first instalment.

A resolution was adopted, recommending capitalists to loan settlers sufficient to enable them to secure pre-emption claims.

After debate touching the material aid for carrying on operations against the United States troops, and indemnity to individual sufferers, a National Central Committee was appointed, and the Convention then adjourned sine die.

The committee includes Gov. Reeder, N. B. Craig, of Pittsburg, and others.

☞ It has been said there are but two things worth living for—to do what is worthy of being written, or to write what is worthy of being done.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - - - - - - -	$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

The Relations of Great Britain with the United States.

We have not chosen to lumber our columns with the "further correspondence" mentioned in our foreign news as having been written by the Earl of Clarendon on the enlistment and Central American questions, and formally sent to Mr. Dallas. Its unnecessary length renders it exceedingly tedious. We do not advise the composition of official documents in verbal stenography, and transparent prolixity is undoubtedly preferable to vague laconicism; but then, Spartan brevity might well be adopted as a Saxon virtue, and verbosity is our soul's abhorrence. We confess to a cordial respect for that Western worthy—Mr. J. Hole—who was wont to sign his name by writing the letter J, and then jabbing his pen through the paper! This admirable proceeding, apart from the fact of its sublimely simple conciseness, implies that Mr. Hole was proportionably terse in his "further correspondence"—an excellence which certainly does not attach to that issued from the great Circumlocution Office over the water.

The substance of the Earl of Clarendon's communication on the enlistment question is as follows: —Her Majesty's Government are gratified to know that their assurances of innocence with regard to any intention to violate the laws of the United States, have been unreservedly accepted by the President, and that all cause of difference with respect to the enlistment question has ceased to exist between the two Governments. Her Majesty's Government regret that the President has been unable to alter his views regarding the conduct of Mr. Crampton, and the three consuls at New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Her Majesty's Government retain their former high opinion of the zeal, ability, and integrity of Mr. Crampton, and of the three consuls as well, and cannot but believe that the President has been misled by erroneous information and false testimony regarding them. If Her Majesty's Government had thought that Her Majesty's officers had violated our laws, Her Majesty's Government would have removed them. If Her Majesty's Government caught any foreign government capriciously breaking off its diplomatic relations with Her Majesty's accredited minister, Her Majesty's Government would advise Her Majesty to break off all diplomatic relations with that Government's accredited minister. But Her Majesty's Government feel bound to accept the President's declarations of belief that Mr. Crampton and the consuls have violated our laws, and are, on that account, unacceptable organs of communication with the United States Government, and Her Majesty's Government cannot deny to the United States Government the right to form its own judgment as to the bearing of the laws of the Union upon transactions which have taken place within the Union. Therefore, Her Majesty's Government have the honor to inform Mr. Dallas that, deeply regretting the President's proceeding, which they cannot but consider unfriendly, they have not deemed it necessary to suspend diplomatic intercourse with Mr. Dallas; and the high personal esteem which Her Majesty's Government feel for Mr. Dallas will render it most agreeable to the Earl of Clarendon to enter into communication with Mr. Dallas upon all matters connected with the relations of the two countries; and Mr. Dallas may be certain of meeting, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, the most friendly feelings towards the United States, and the most anxious desire to maintain the amicable relations of both countries, the preservation of which is of such great importance to both.

All of which is very delightful. But Her Majesty's Government have omitted to notice the remarkable communication from the Gainsborough gentleman, who signed himself *D*, and sent his card to the editor of the English paper which printed his statement of Mr. Crampton's distinguished connections, and the part they had in Her Majesty's Government's support of him and his conduct. Our readers will remember the statement, reprinted in the foreign news of a past week. Has it really anything to do with Her Majesty's Government's obstinate determination to see nothing but "zeal, ability, and integrity" in Mr. Crampton? Had the Earl of Stalkinstitute truly put his dear friend, Mr. Fuffy, into a nice office, and is it the voice of wounded affection which cries out that Mr. Fuffy, being ousted in disgrace, is still a splendid specimen of a ministerial angel!

The sum and substance of the Earl of Clarendon's other communication on Central American affairs, is that Her Majesty's Government are prepared to enter into negotiations with a view to the settlement of those matters, and see no reason why the question, in case of a failure to settle it by direct negotiation, cannot be referred to the arbitration of a third power. The Earl of Clarendon and Mr. Dallas now enter into communication to ascertain if the question can be settled by direct negotiation, and, if not, to discuss the conditions of arbitration.

PHILADELPHIA IN AID OF THE FRENCH.—It is pleasant to record that a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia was held in the Mayor's office, on the 12th instant, to adopt measures for the relief of the sufferers by the recent inundations in France. Mayor Vaux presided. Mr. Elias Durand, the Chairman of the French Committee, read an address appealing to the sympathy of American citizens to aid their French brethren. Mr. Thomas W. Evans, recently returned from France, gave an account of the extent and character of the inundations. Mr. Wm. H. Lohman followed in a manly speech, moving the adoption of the address, which was done. Resolutions appointing a committee of Philadelphia citizens to act in conjunction with the French committee for the furtherance of such measures as may contribute to the aid of the suffering poor of France, were unanimously adopted, and the meeting then adjourned.

THE HAY CROP IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Persons who have been travelling over the grass-growing districts of this State, say they never saw the grass giving finer promise of an ample crop. Our farmers will have a favorable opportunity now, to test the merits of the different mowing machines.

☞ A well-known wit says no Yankee is satisfied with the truth unless you can prove to him that it is worth eight or ten per cent.

Our foreign news this week has the merit of being in one view highly amusing. Three fourths of it, at least, is occupied with an account of the clothes Mr. Dallas' friend tried to appear in at the Queen's levee, and with what the Times said on that large topic. Carlyle may now add a new chapter to his Sartor Resartus. Clothes have assumed a loftier import, and risen to a higher plane of interest in the world's affairs. Sir Edward Cust, Her Majesty's Master of the Ceremonies appears on the mighty scene in the eyes of the two nations, and nearly blots out with his well-dressed figure Her Majesty's quondam Minister, Mr. Crampton, and Her Majesty's ministerial mountebanks, Lords Clarendon and Palmerston. The costume of a travelling West Point Professor becomes of greater moment than "the death day of empires." Had the Times succeeded in bringing about a war between the two countries on this interesting subject—an end which its amiable articles seemed to wish to accomplish—we might have expected to see the blue coat and blue trowsers, the white vest and the sable stock of the gentleman from West Point, and a full dress suit of the English Court costume, floating over either van of the belligerent hosts, as in other times the black fanatic Turks rushed howling to battle under the sacred breeches of Mohammed!

The focal point of interest, however, in the whole matter is the course pursued in regard to it by the Times. Nothing could be more trivial in reality than the occurrence which has been made to assume such undue magnitude. What is it? An American gentleman wishing to be presented to the Queen, goes with Mr. Dallas to Court, attired in the official costume which he would have worn in his own country had he waited upon the President, and which he had no reason to suppose was objectionable to the etiquette of the royal levees. In the ante-room he is met by the Master of the Ceremonies, no doubt a man of high breeding, who courteously informs him that the custom of the place requires him to appear in a certain mode of apparel, and that his present garb is not presentable. Our American friend was innocently ignorant of all this; and being enlightened he still behaves like a gentleman. Well bred regrets and apologies are exchanged on both sides, and the American retires, accompanied by Mr. Dallas and two other friends who had accompanied him thither, and who could not as a mere matter of politeness suffer him to depart alone. So the affair ends. The Queen, however, hears of it; is much mortified at its occurrence; regrets that Sir Edward Cust did not see that Court, like other rules, have exceptions; sends, it is reported, a message to Mr. Dallas, at once creditable to her courtesy and complimentary to our countryman, expressing her annoyance at the accident, and requesting him to ask his friend's attendance in any costume he may choose to wear. The request arrives, however, at too late an hour to be complied with, and Mr. Dallas' friend must, perforce, postpone his pleasure to another occasion.

Yet out of this trivial incident—which ought never to have risen to even the dignity of mention—the sham Jupiter of the Times the next morning fabricates a handful of the falsest, silliest, meanest, most brutal and insolent appeals, ever thrown out to galvanize into action the prejudices of a people. He commences with the question, "Who shall teach our transatlantic cousins how to behave?"—a query which has, however, one redeeming grace, to wit, the implied confession that its author is not competent to the task of teaching good behavior to anyone. He continues by mis-stating the facts and the spirit of the entire occurrence; accuses Mr. Dallas and his friend of premeditated insult to the Queen; slavers his epithets upon two worthy and well-bred men; spits, and swaggers, and bullies, and sneers through several paragraphs; and for two days leaves both gentlemen under the cloud of an imputation seriously affecting their reputation for good sense and good breeding. And this studied acrimony, this wilful slander, this farcical falsehood, this small spite, this vulgar abuse—all of it, is vented, perhaps to inflame still further, for party purposes, the people of the one country against those of the other, perhaps only to gratify a political pique occasioned by the disgrace of Mr. Crampton, or, it may be, to ease the heart of a vulgar national arrogance.

The greatest probability, however, attaches to the supposition that it is simply a motiveless ebullition of innate brutality and boorishness, bursting forth in despite of all considerations. Tennyson truly sings—

> "The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
> His want in forms for fashion's sake,
> Will let his coltish nature break
> At seasons through the gilded pale."

But the innate churlishness of the Times is not to be controlled by any surroundings. Spite of fashion, spite of decorum, spite of common policy, common sense, self-interest, or any ordinary restraints, it breaks through, and has its way. This sort of thing is chronic with it. Its indecency is osteological—it is bred in the bone, and comes out in the flesh continually. Its unquestionable literary and intellectual ability furnish no palliation for these constant excesses. Parts and acquirements become despicable when imbedded in mean vices, and used for bad ends.

There is one consideration, which takes a consolatory form, namely, that the Times is getting "monkey allowance," as the sailors name it, on all sides, and that it cannot, without a thorough and speedy reform, both in manners and management, long retain its position as an influential journal. Its ground and lofty tumbling in the Crampton matter—its unblushing change from an attitude of turbulent fury to a wheedling I-told-you-so hypocrisy—exposed it to the severest criticism from all quarters, and to the uproarious derision and earthquake laughter of both continents. The present affair has won it new and sharp censure, round and hearty denunciation from its neighbor journals, and from the cheap press of England, and fresh contempt from the people of both countries. For the power behind the throne, or the throne itself, (we will not insult the well-known character of the Times by supposing that a regard for truth, or a desire to retract an honest error, has had any influence with it,) has forced it to back down most ignominiously from its abuse and misrepresentation of Mr. Dallas and his friend, and its palinode, unapologetic and impudent, of course, yet seems ridiculous enough in comparison with its previous statement. People are beginning to cease to be misled, even for a moment, by any article which flickers in its columns. Its very name is becoming an accepted synonyme for reckless mendacity. It must change its character or sink in the bog of bankrupts. There is a point of vice which arouses against it the deepliest drugged moral sense of a nation, and the Times is very near it. To suppose that it represents the feelings or opinions of any considerable portion of the British people, is to imagine a vain thing. It is not a popular echo, but a party influence. To demoralize its readers successfully, it must practice a cunning of which it is not capable; it must affect the virtue which it cannot claim to own. But its whole course is too impolitic and reckless to even command respect, much less hoodwink judgment. The people are like Talleyrand—they forgive a fault—a blunder, never. The Times' errors of conduct have become too proverbial to escape that popular ridicule which, where it strikes, withers. Let it still retain its present habits and vices, and see if the year will not come when the roused indignation of the English people will either teach it a salutary lesson which will purge it effectually of its excesses, or else squelch out its existence, as men crush out the life of a reptile. Servility to policy without the show of fidelity to principle, assertion without proof, declamation without argument, anger without prudence, falsehood without craft, and vice without dignity—these are qualities which, however allied to intellectual excellencies, cannot long command the success mortals have to bestow, even if they could, though arrayed in the disguise of policy and the semblance of virtue, escape the final retribution of Heaven.

Our readers will remember the account copied into the Post some time since, regarding the alleged indignity offered by the French Minister of War to the American Military Commission which went over to the Crimea. The story was that the Commission, after their return to Paris, desired permission of the French Minister, Marshal Vaillant, to inspect the improvements under his supervision; and that this request was rudely refused, the refusal being coupled with the intimation that the existing relations between the two governments did not warrant any such courtesy, and the whole matter capped with the curt remark, addressed by the Minister to the Commission, "Good-bye till the first cannon shot." The Washington Union now states that Marshal Vaillant, having, at length, heard of the indignity alleged against him, disclaims in the most explicit manner any design to withhold from the gentlemen of the Commission any courtesy extended to the officers of other nations, or to show disrespect to the United States. The misapprehension, it is said, might rather have been ascribed to the difference of language, or to some peculiarity in the manner of the Marshal, which, when not understood, may have given ground for dissatisfaction to others as well as the officers referred to.

On the other hand, the New York Tribune editorially intimates that the charge preferred against the French Minister by the Paris correspondent is strictly true. It may be observed, in dismissing a worthless topic, that the Washington Union's disclaimer is ambiguous, and does not fairly deny, or even meet, the original accusation.

THE CROPS.—The wheat crop seems to be generally spoken of as having suffered for want of rain throughout the country. In Maryland, however, the accounts favor a good yield. Denton county gives a larger crop than for several years past. Cecil falls below the average, but the quality is excellent. Harford gives an average crop, somewhat injured in some localities by smut and weevil. Corn is backward, grass scanty, and the prayer of the fields is for rain. The farmers, it is said, predict a scarcity of horse and cattle feed, but we hope they are wrong. In Virginia the wheat has been harmed rather generally by the fly, weeds, and hot weather. Not more than half a crop is expected. In Ohio the wheat is fine, but the corn crop poor. Drought has been unfavorable to the harvest. In Michigan about one-third of the fields is said to have been injured by the snow being wind-swept from them during the past winter. In the remaining tracts, the harvest promises well. The corn crop in New York and New Jersey is said to have suffered rather extensively by the destruction of the germ of the grain in the cold of last winter. In Kentucky grain crops are reported to have been ruined by the fly, and the drought, and the first crop will prove a failure.

The tobacco crop, throughout the South, as a whole promises well. In some localities, however, the fly, the joint-worm, and the chinch-bug are at work on the young tobacco plants, and threaten mischief. In other localities, there has been a scarcity of the plant for sowing. But copious rains have poured from the June clouds on many sections of the South and made the general prospects of the crop very favorable. The agricultural view this year is, on the whole, rather depressing. Things might be worse, however, so let us, like Paul, "thank God, and take courage."

THE CROPS IN ILLINOIS.—A valued subscriber, travelling through the West, writes us cheering accounts of the favor the "Post" meets with in that region, and adds some intelligence respecting the crops in Illinois. He says:—"The wheat crop will not be very good on account of dry weather—no rain having fallen for two months or more. The corn crop will be good in some districts—would be in all if the farmers paid more attention to planting; but they scratch in their grain any way, so that they get it into the ground. Consequently, if there is rain, they get a crop, and if not, none."

We suspect that this "scratching in the grain any way" is the secret of the poorness of the crops elsewhere than in Illinois. We reckon that the weevil, and the chinch-bug, and the smut would not prevail so extensively, or the crops fail so generally, as they have this year, if our farmers were a little more scientific in their planting and farming operations. Every farmer should take some journal which gives reliable information regarding agriculture, guided by which, and by his own experience, and sound discretion as well, his acres will prosper. Farming is a practical science, and its results should not be left to chance. No man can expect bounteous harvests who is careless, neglectful, or ignorant of the requirements of proper tillage.

NEWS FROM UTAH.—The crops were very promising at date of May 7th, in the Salt Lake valley, and the general health good. Two substantial ferry-boats had been launched on Bear River, north of the city. The news states that Mrs. Mary Ann Young, a wife of the President, was ill from her constant exertions in ministering to the necessities of the many who were destitute the past season. The severity of the winter had destroyed four out of every five head of cattle in the region. The pecuniary loss has been immense. Hundreds of persons lived through the winter on the dead cattle they dug out the snow, and, when the winter was over, on roots, weeds, and greens. But lately rain has been plentiful, the wheat is springing finely, and the glad people of the Territory were expecting to cut grain by June 20th, when they intended to hold a grand jubilee. Vegetables were also springing finely, and the yearly prospects were good.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—Many persons had been deterred from going to Illinois by the erroneous impression that the country was subject to volcanic action. This had originated from the great earthquake of 1811, by which the Valley of the Mississippi had been greatly shaken, the shocks having continued for nearly three months. The country just below the mouth of the Ohio River, would seem to have been near the centre of the agitation. For miles the land had been seamed with yawning chasms and deep holes, the remains of which are still visible. The bluff on which New Madrid had been built had sunk to the level of the river, and had become soon afterward totally submerged. The commotion in the Mississippi had been very great; the banks had caved in, islands had dissolved, and the channel had become changed. At every shock the surface of the river had risen and fallen like the waves of the sea. An eye-witness, who was coming down on a flat boat, says: "After escaping many dangers my boat suddenly swung round in the conflicting currents and rapidly shot up the river. Looking ahead, I beheld the mighty Mississippi *cut in twain*, and pouring down a vast opening into the bowels of the earth. A moment more and the chasm filled; but the strong sides of the flatboat were crumbled to pieces in the convulsive efforts of the flood to obtain its wonted level." The Indians had been utterly bewildered by the earthquake, and could account for the physical tumult only upon the supposition that things generally had been getting drunk. It is said of one of them, who had given himself up for lost, that, upon being questioned as to what the matter was, he had replied, while at the same time pointing fearfully to the Heavens, "Great Spirit, whiskey too much!"—*Ferris's States and Territories of the West.*

LAYING OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE.—News from Sydney, C. B., states that the Submarine Electric Telegraph cable, for the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company has been successfully laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Cape Ray Cove, Newfoundland, and Ashby Bay, Cape Breton, a distance of 85 miles, and messages are now being freely and instantaneously transmitted from shore to shore. The Company have 700 men at work on the line in Newfoundland and at Cape Breton, and it is confidently expected that the whole line will be completed and in successful operation between New York and St. John's by the 1st of September, and between St. John's and London within one year thereafter!

THE INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—The Indian war continues. Gen. Smith's command has been attached near the Meadows, the whites sustaining a loss in the skirmishing of 12 killed and 20 wounded. The Indian loss was considerable. Col. Wright had lost fully one third of his command in a battle with the Yakima Indians.

New Publications.

HERTHA. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. G. P. Putnam, New York. For sale by J. P. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This new work of Miss Bremer's has a purpose which the story only aims to make evident. "Hertha" is a Woman's Right's book in a true and lofty sense. It pleads that women should have an opportunity for the freest developement of their capacities and faculties, and asks that we untie the wings of their aspirations, and allow them to reach the highest spheres of duty and action which God has made them capable of attaining. It is a protest, direct and by implication, against the tyranny of custom and self-willed opinionativeness which cramps the large desires of one half the race into iron bounds, and forbids women any loftier goal in life than a sordid marriage, and home-comforts to be enjoyed in domestic subjection. The spirit of the book is very worthy. It is not angry, or savage, or cynical; though if it were, we should hardly have a right to complain; but, on the contrary, it is gentle, truthful, and wise. Its general tone must add to its force as a plea for the social liberation of women.

The heroine, Hertha, is a young Swedish girl, the eldest of a family of four daughters, living in a home darkened by the presence of a harsh, stern, avaricious, and despotic father, and haunted by the memory of a mother whose death was the subtle consequence of an unhappiness produced by her husband's tyranny. Hertha is a girl of great nobility of character, strong and clear intellect, possessing a burning sense of wrong, and a supreme natural allegiance to right and justice. The staple of the book is her struggle against domestic obstacles and difficulties (produced principally by the cruel relation of her father in the family,) to obtain such a position as shall enable her to benefit her sisters. The work is, in effect, a home-tragedy; the struggle ends in defeat; the appetency for knowledge is unsatisfied, and the aspirations for spiritual freedom, and untrammeled action are baffled. Perhaps this, the very nature of the tale, conduces to the saddening and painful effect which the book leaves in the mind of the thoughtful reader.

As a literary performance it has all the merits and all the faults of Miss Bremer's former works. Some of its dialogues are drawn out to tediousness; it sometimes dips down into the cold and deadening ether of a vague metaphysicianism, which benumbs and stultifies the reader; it unnecessarily disguises very simple truths in an opaque and obscure envelope of language; it has a frequent tendency to wordiness, and often bedims its meanings by an excess of rhetoricianism. The reader is sometimes at a dead lock to understand what he reads. But its merits are unquestionably great. Among these, is its vivid power of characterization. The heroine is finely and forcibly drawn, and her endeavors to accomplish her purposes, and all the incidents and events of her career inspire much interest. Her father is depicted in still bolder outlines, and colored with great force and reality. Many of the minor characters are painted with that mellowness and graphic effect which Miss Bremer so frequently attains. The tale is, moreover, as a whole, told with great spirit, and has all the benevolence and geniality of tone so characteristic of the other works of the gentle Swede.

Then, too, the design of the book deserves high praise. It is a sweet and persuasive voice calling upon women to leave the little and frivolous ways of thought and action in which the lives of so many are content to remain; to abandon their narrow egotisms and selfish spiritual isolations; and to be all that Heaven has made them capable of being. It calls upon them for noble activity in the moralities, the philanthropies, and the humane duties of life. It holds up the ideal which Dorothea Dix and Sarah Martin and Florence Nightingale have made possible, and shows it shining in the circle of our common work-day lives, and attainable, in the sight of God, by the faithful and generous performance of our nearest practical obligations to our fellow beings. It asks them to consider

> "How best to help the slender store,
> To mend the dwellings of the poor,
> To gain in life as life advances
> Valor and charity more and more."

Such, in our partial expression, is its meaning as we perceive it. Despite its local situation of social scene and life, it has applications and lessons, like its interest, broad enough to cover other lands than Sweden, and will find an appreciative audience on either side of the Atlantic. No doubt it contains many suggestions for the champions of the social advancement and elevation of women in this country, and many to the women themselves—the rank and file, as well as the leaders. We understand, perhaps erroneously, its chief lesson to be that the regeneration and liberation of women depend more on the radical change of their own natures, than on any reform of illiberal laws, or alteration of existing social arrangements. So far, so good; we will not quarrel with a teaching so excellent; yet, let it not be forgotten that laws are educational, that social influences mould character. "As the husband is, the wife is." As the laws are, the people will be. Government is not only a great police system—its chief function the regulation of society, and the punishment of offenders; it is a school wherein the instruction of a people is attained. We only need to look into the face of an Austrian, or an Irishman, to know what kind of laws he has lived under. The sodden visage, the spiritual timidity, the demoralized character, tell of the cramping tyranny his government has been to him. We guess the quality of the college by the character of the scholars. You shall know the citizen of a free republic wherever you meet him, under whatever disguise. The freedom of his institutions is the discipline that has made him free. So, any attempt to improve the condition and the character of a people, or a class, must begin at both ends. It must commence at once with the internal nature and the external circumstances. Let it not be winked out of sight, that the first great upward impulse given to the elevation of woman in our own Age, was the result of an external change in the spirit of masculine society, and a resolute trampling under foot of cruel customs and laws. Feudalism had her degraded; it had made her the mere creature of its lust, the menial of its will, the victim of its tyranny. Chivalry, bold and beautiful, a Paladin of the snow-white plume and golden mail, leaped into life, her champion—asserting her rights, avenging her wrongs, kindling its own bright, generous spirit in the dull hearts of her tyrants, opening to her the sealed lore of cloister and convent, expanding her intellect and quickening her heart, lifting her image into beauty, supremacy and honor, throning her a queen above the tourney, the battle, and the years of life, dignifying for her the nature and the sentiment of love, garlanding her with the rarest blossoms of courtesy, of reverence, of homage and of affection, and, in a word, breaking for her the iron ordinance of centuries, and withering the brutal arm of Salique law, while at the same time it flashed from its shield the vital and enduring light which quenched the darkness of mediaeval Europe, and charmed up, as by magic, the rich fruits and hopeful flowers of a fairer civilization and a nobler Christianity. To the external changes both of public opinion and positive law, wrought by the influence of the institution of Chivalry on the spirit and code of Feudalism, and to the educational power of those changes as well, woman owes a fair half of her present condition of relative dignity and freedom. Let the lesson be remembered. And when we demand of woman that she achieve her own higher elevation by adopting a loftier morality, and a nobler ideal of thought and action, let us see that our statutory laws, our public opinion, and our social arrangements are such as not only to suggest to her the conception of what she should be, but to make it possible for her to realize it.

We have here the third volume of Irving's Life of Washington, a work for which Mr. Zieber is the sole agent for Philadelphia and vicinity. Will any of our readers be disappointed to be told that the loved task has expanded under the author's hands, and that the third will not be, as per former announcement, the final volume? We trow not. They must be very few who will not love to prolong their pleasure in the clear, golden prose of the master of Sunnyside. We are not told what number of volumes there are yet to be; probably the author himself does not definitely know. The present volume commences with the rousing of the Jerseys in the early part of 1777, and pauses with Sir Henry Clinton's embarkation for the reduction of South Carolina, in 1779. There are yet twenty years of Washington's life to be narrated. But we shall not regret any extent to which the work may reach. Its prolongation is but the prolongation of the reader's enjoyment.

In mechanical execution, as in literary excellence, these volumes are worthy of all praise. The large, bold type in which they appear, the exquisite whiteness and firmness of the paper, and the disposition of the reading matter on the page, ample border and margin being allowed for the reader's pencilled annotations, reflect high credit on the good taste and judgment of the publishers. The illustrations, also, which embellish the work, are of the truest merit. We have never seen a more superbly executed and faithful transcript of a portrait, than the engraved likeness of Washington, from Stuart's celebrated picture, which adorns the first page of this volume. Its engraver has shown a capacity of art worthy of mention with the artist's.

It is not necessary that we should say anything of the literary character of the work. Other and abler pens, in ampler room and in publications of loftier character than any, the best, journal can claim to possess, will do it justice. Let us simply say in passing, that it is written in the most catholic and genial spirit, unsullied with any narrowness or national vain-glory. It is the calm tribute of one of the greatest and gentlest of authors to a hero, who belongs not only to the history of America in its highest epoch, but to the records of the advancing race—to the past and future of the world that struggles against its fates and its tyrants everywhere, forever. The life of Washington is the property of all who aspire to virtue and liberty, and it is a link in the long, bright chain of human heroism, which runs through every civilization in every age. Nowhere has its simple grandeur, its stately virtue, and its sweet and austere beauty met with finer treatment than in these pages from the hand of Irving.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By the author of "The Head of the Family," "Olive," &c. Harper and Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

John Halifax is a very finely conceived and well written novel. It has passages of the truest excellence, and is generally interesting. The hero is drawn with a free and bold hand. Scenes of English life and local landscapes are portrayed with a quiet power and beauty. The final chapter has a subdued and gentle pathos which cannot fail to touch the heart of the reader.

☞ Mr. Callender has sent us the first number of Mrs. Stephens's NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, which deserves our good word. Its form and size, its print and paper, its illustrations and literary matter, are all *recherche* and beautiful. We have already enriched our columns with an extract from its "Editor's Table,"—a pearl of good advice to young authors. We have much pleasure in commending the New Monthly to the public.

☞ J. B. Lippincott & Co. have PUTNAM for July, and all the other Magazines.

☞ From W. B. Zieber we have the NORTH BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, a number of unusual interest and excellence. The article entitled "Outrages on Women," suggests deep and earnest thought. Articles severally named "Indian Literature," "Grote's History of Greece," "Talfourd," "Plays and Puritans," etc, are especially remarkable for ability, scholarship, and breadth of view.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.

The thick-coming news-statements from Kansas which poured in on us so multitudinously a little while ago, begin to abate their number. The most important event from that region, is the dissolution of the Topeka Legislature, by Col. Sumner. A Convention met at that place on the 2nd inst., and passed resolutions in favor of the Republican nominations, and denunciatory of the Democrats, and appealing to the friends of Free Kansas in Congress. There were about eight hundred present, all armed. Marshal Donaldson and Judge Elmore read the President's February Proclamation, also Gov. Shannon's Proclamation, and one issued by Mr. Woodson, Secretary of the Territory, together with a note from Colonel Sumner, saying he would prevent the meeting of the Legislature. They were, however, unheeded.

Both branches of the Legislature met on the 4th. The same day Col. Sumner entered the town with 200 dragoons, and planted two cannon at the head of Kansas Avenue, while the troops were drawn up before Constitutional Hall, where the Legislature was assembled. Col. Sumner told the citizens he would not disarm them or break up the Convention; but he had orders to dissolve the Legislature, and would do so.

Col. Sumner repaired to the Hall of Representatives, and said: "I am called upon to perform the most painful duty of my life. Under the authority of the President of the United States, I am here to dissolve the Legislature. In accordance with my orders, I command you to disperse. God knows I have no party feelings in the matter, and I will have none while I hold my present position in Kansas. I have just returned from the border, where I have been sending home the Missourians, and I am now here with instructions to disperse the Legislature. I again command you to disperse."

Judge Schuyler asked if they were to understand that they were to be driven out at the point of the bayonet?

Col. Sumner replied—I will use the whole force under my command to enforce my orders.

The House then dispersed.

A similar scene was enacted in the Senate Chamber, ending in the dispersion of that body.

The Convention are preparing resolutions endorsing the State Government and the Topeka Constitution. The fears of invasion kept large numbers from attending.

Mr. J. F. Cummings, a printer from Ohio, publishes in the Chicago Tribune a statement of the tarring and feathering he was subjected to in May last at Lexington, Mo., by a party of Southerners and Missourians, who recognized him as one of the former inhabitants of Lawrence, and punished him accordingly. The act appears to have been one of sheer wantonness.

THE CAROLINIANS IN KANSAS.—The Columbia (S.C.) Carolinian publishes the following from a letter received by the Hon. Wm. F. De Saussure, of that State:—

The abolitionists are mustering all their forces for an incursion this Fall, perhaps sooner; we will be, I trust, prepared to give them a hearty reception. The poor devils have paid dearly for their murders and assassinations; they are humiliated, and hundreds are leaving the territory now; how many of them will return, is doubtful, but that others will come, with arms in their hands, there can be no doubt.

The United States troops are in our way. The matter would have been ere this settled by the expulsion or extermination of the accursed breed, but for the interposition of the Federal Government; we are compelled to bide our time, but the time will come. We have thus far, I think, managed our case well; I trust that we will continue to do so. The balance is altogether on our side; we have the advantage and must keep it.

NEWS FROM NICARAGUA.—Gen. Wm. Walker was elected President of Nicaragua on the 24th June.

Ex-President Rivas, accompanied by his Minister of War, left Leon on the 12th June, and afterwards appeared at Chinandega, where he collected a force of 600 natives. He called in the outposts, and then ordered the American troops to evacuate Leon, which order was obeyed, and Rivas took possession of the place with 120 men. President Walker has issued a proclamation declaring Rivas and his party traitors. Most of the officers of the former Cabinet stand by Gen. Walker.

A strong revolution against the Government has broken out in Nicaragua, headed by the party which opposed the invasion of Nicaragua.

The steamer Daniel Webster, from Aspinwall, arrived at New Orleans on the 12th inst., bringing San Francisco dates to the 20th ult.

The steamship George Law, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on the 14th inst., with $1,800,000 in gold.

The George Law brings also 400 passengers.

The principal consignees are Drexel & Co., $435,000; Wm. Hoge, $142,000; Metropolitan Bank, $170,000; Wells, Fargo & Co., $200,000; G. H. Wines & Co., $17,000.

The George Law connected at the Isthmus with the steamer Sonora, which brought down $1,139,000 in treasure.

There was no diminution in the excitement at San Francisco, but it was rather on the increase. Few had responded to the proclamation of Governor Johnson. The Committee, on the other hand, were receiving recruits by thousands. The Committee had 4000 stand of arms, and thirty pieces of cannon. Their force is divided into six regiments. Strong breastworks have been constructed in front of the Committee's rooms, an alarm-bell erected upon the building, and several pieces of cannon placed upon the adjacent roofs, so as to command all the approaches to their quarters. Gov. Johnson had gathered together a few hundred men, with whom he proceeded to Benicia, with a view to getting arms and ammunition from the Arsenal, but Gen. Wool refused to deliver them. The Governor's forces are camped near the city.

Six more rogues had been banished by the Committee, and numerous arrests continue to be made.

All the arrests by the Committee have been effected without bloodshed and generally without violence. The Vigilant police, in addition to the troops, number some thousands, armed with revolvers. The Committee Tribunal is composed of a series of three Courts. 1st, of *Investigation*, 12 members; 2nd, of *Debate*, 20 members; 3rd, of *Final Disposition*, 90 members. The accused can only be convicted by a full two-third vote of the 90 Judges. The Committee take cognizance only of offences in the grade of *felony*, and only then when the accused bears a previously bad reputation.

On the 16th inst., an immense mass meeting was held in this city, by the friends of the movement. Speeches were made by Col. Bailie Peyton, Hon. Wm. Duer, and others, endorsing the action of the Committee.

On receipt of the Governor's proclamation, nearly all the principal towns of the interior held enthusiastic meetings, endorsing the action of the Committee, and in many cases forming organizations to assist the Committee in carrying out their measures.

Crimes and casualities are numerous.

No interest whatever attaches to political matters.

The reports from the mines are highly favorable, as also are the agricultural prospects.

There have been no arrivals from the Atlantic ports.

MR. DALLAS AT THE BRITISH COURT.—A correspondent of the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian thus describes Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, as he appeared at the Queen's Drawing Room, June 20:—"Mr. Dallas moved in the gay crowd *bien distingue*, as was said of Lord Castlereagh, at the Congress of Vienna, by the simplicity of his attire. Mr. Dallas is the most venerable of all the American Ministers that I remember. If you saw him sitting upon the platform of a Wesleyan conference, you would instinctively turn to him and declare that he was the fittest man to preside over their deliberations. Indeed, his long hair, of silvery white, his sage yet amiable expression, his white neckcloth, and black, clerical looking dress, completely realize one's idea of the President of a religious conclave. Mr. Dallas paid his respects to her Majesty in a black coat of Quaker-like cut, white waistcoat, buttoned almost up to his throat, white neckcloth and black knee breeches, and black silk stockings; and as his tall yet venerable figure, was seen in the diplomatic circle, closely followed by two young attaches similarly attired, the Americans might have been proud of their Minister; for a more gentlemanly man, or one whose bearing was indicative of more simple dignity and self-respect, was not present at the drawing-room."

THE BEAR GARDEN AT WASHINGTON.—Intense excitement existed during the entire discussion of July 9th, growing out of the assault of Brooks on Mr. Sumner. The House is stated to have been a regular bear-garden. The speeches of Messrs. Clingman and Orr were exceeding violent and offensive in manner. Mr. Hickman, of Penn., pronounced a statement false, when Mr. Keitt, of S. C., some ten feet distant, made a demonstration to strike him with a chair, but was held by his friends, Mr. Buffington, of Mass., crying meanwhile, "Let him come on," and the greatest confusion prevailing. Order, however, was finally restored. Mr. Brooks' personal deportment during the debate is said to have been highly dignified and decorous.

A REGULAR NOTICE.—The London Standard recently spoke of a new novel in this wise—"This is a story of wild passion, which tears its way through luxuriant scenes to terrible catastrophies, trampling on human hearts in its course, but still by virtue of its essential truth and earnestness attaining a haven of happy calm at last. The scene in which the lovely heiress confesses her passion in the conservatory at sunset to the almost inspired young artist, and the powerful conception of the hot blooded and cruelly disappointed cousin, would alone suffice to make this book a work of mark."

This is fully equal to the wildest extravagance imputed to American literature.

FROM SANTA FE.—Advices received on July 7th, at Chicago, state that the Indian troubles have been renewed in New-Mexico, with violence. Many tribes are engaged in hostilities. Colonel Garland is preparing for a campaign against them on an extensive scale. Numerous bands of Camanches, and other Indians, were met on the Arkansas, awaiting their annuities.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MARYLAND OLD LINE WHIG CONVENTION.—The Maryland State Convention of Old Line Whigs assembled at Baltimore on July 10th, chose the Hon. Alex. Randall for their President, and appointed a Committee who reported resolutions declaring adherence to the old principles of the party; denouncing Col. Fremont as unqualified for the Presidency, and the Republican platform as unconstitutional and fanatical; stigmatizing the Democratic platform as subversive, in its foreign policy, of all principles of right and justice, and Mr. Buchanan as an unsafe and dangerous man to be entrusted with the National Executive power; affirming the Democratic party to be a party of the sections, and inimical to the safety of the Union; recognizing in Mr. Fillmore a consistent, conservative statesman, in whose antecedents the country has everything to expect and nothing to fear, and declaring his unexceptionability as a national candidate. The resolutions were received with unbounded enthusiasm, and unanimously adopted. Other business being transacted, the Convention adjourned.

PENNA. REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE.—The Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg on the 9th inst., Charles Gibbons of Philadelphia, was unanimously chosen Chairman, and Russell Evertt of Allegheny, and George Raymond of Blair, selected as Secretaries. Various plans were considered for conducting the coming campaign. The Northern and Western members gave assurances that the majorities for Fremont and Dayton will be unprecedentedly large in their sections, and spoke confidently of carrying Pennsylvania.

MAINE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The Republican State Convention assembled at Portland on July 8th and nominated Hannibal Hamlin for Governor of the State. There were twelve hundred delegates in attendance. Every town in the State was represented. Freeman H. Morse presided. The resolutions adopted, mainly present the slavery issue as paramount to all others, and invite the co-operation of all who have the question at heart. The nomination of Fremont and Dayton was endorsed with enthusiasm.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.—The Republican Convention, in session at Detroit on the 10th inst. nominated Mr. Bingham for Governor, with all the present State officers for re-election. The electors for President were also selected.

LETTER FROM GEORGE LAW.—One of the political incidents of the week, is a letter from George Law, of New York, which defends the Republican platform with great vigor, and attacks, with equal vigor, the adherents of Messrs. Buchanan and Fillmore.

FREMONT MEETINGS.—The friends of the Republican candidates in Cambridge, Mass., ratified their nominations on the evening of July 12th, with much enthusiasm. About 5,000 persons were present—a very unusual number for that town. Prof. Felton, hitherto a man of the most conservative tendencies and connections, presided. Speeches were made by Messrs. Felton, A. O. Brewster, Judge Tyler, of Conn., and others.

A Fremont Ratification Meeting was held at Concord, N. H., on the 4th, at which 15,000 people were present. Ex-Governor Colby presided. Hon. John J. Prentiss read the Platform adopted at the Convention in Philadelphia, which was adopted as the Platform of this Convention. After the meeting was organized, the President introduced A. Burnham, Esq., of Conn., who four years ago stood in the same place advocating the election of Pierce, but who now goes for Fremont. The next speaker was the Hon. Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts. His address was three hours in length. It was nearly 5 o'clock when Mr. Burlingame closed, but numerous speeches were afterwards introduced.

Other Fremont Ratification meetings, very largely attended, have been held in great numbers throughout the Free States.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

(The following exquisite ballad is the composition of Wm. Allingham, one of the late garland of British poets the year has produced:)

"Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

"Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

"The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

"When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly kill'd itself, to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

"And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

"Oh, you're the flower of womankind in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

"Oh might we live together in lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
Oh might we live together in a cottage mean and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

"Oh lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress;
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!"

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

As Theodora turned to go into the house a sudden gust of wind rushed through the pines, sent herself scudding on, and blowing open the door, entered before her.

"Dear me! you had better stayed out altogether than to have brought the storm in with you!" grumbled Mrs. Nelly Parrott, crouching into the corner.

"The storm is up, sure enough," said Mrs. Wildman, as the wind, shut out by the door, roared and raved around the walls of the house—"how I wish Basil could have been persuaded to stay home."

"Humph! 'a wilful man will have his way'—he wanted his liquor! and his game of all-fours! tell me! I'm not to be deceived! And it will serve him right if he is caught in a storm," snapped Miss Nelly.

"Don't unnecessarily agitate yourself, my amiable friend," said Miss Elizabeth. "As yet there is only wind, and as that is against Basil's back, we may say it is a fair wind, which only helps him along faster."

"My gracious! but it is right in poor Mrs. Brunton's face and eyes—how upon the face o'the yeth! will she ever get along?" ejaculated Mrs. Wildman.

"Humph! for my part I am of opinion that those who are out of the house, will get along much better than those who are in it! I'm sure anybody ought to be paid for living here at the risk o' their lives! Old barn! just feel how it rocks—for all the world like a cradle."

Here a sudden blast of wind burst open the door with such violence that the carpet was blown up, and inner doors and windows banged to, and it took the united strength of Mrs. Wildman and Miss Elizabeth to close and hold the door, while Miss Nelly Parrott slipped the iron bars through the staples to secure it. And then, as they returned to their seats, the wind died away for a few minutes, and then returned with a fierce shower of hail, that, like a storm of bullets, rattled upon the windows! And how the doors shook, and how the house rocked in the blast! Suddenly piercing through the duller noises of the storm, sounded a shrill human voice—

"Open! open, for the Lord's sake!"

Miss Nelly Parrott, impelled by curiosity, was the first to rush to the door and open it—when, to the astonishment of all, Mrs. Brunton fled into the house, as if the demon (of the storm) pursued her.

"Goodness gracious alive! the wind was against me, and the hail met me before I was a mile on my way, and I had to fly back as fast as I could."

"Come to the fire, for goodness sake! You are all over sleet!" exclaimed old Mrs. Wildman, relieving the traveller of her gray serge cloak and felt bonnet, and seating her in the warmest corner of the hearth, while the other women, exerting all their strength against the power of the storm, once more forced to and secured the door. "Light the candle, Betsy, it is as dark as midnight here now," said old Mrs. Wildman, "and I can't see to pour out a cup of coffee for Mrs. Brunton."

"Lor! child, never mind me," interrupted the latter—"I couldn't eat or drink a morsel! It does seem a tempting of Providence to be attending to creature comforts, with such a storm as this howling around the house—merciful Heaven! what was that?" she suddenly broke off and exclaimed, as a terrific crash smote the house!

All simultaneously started up, and gazed upon each other in terror—while the house still trembled under the shock. At last—

"It is that old Lombardy poplar that has fallen and struck the gable end," said Miss Elizabeth—"it must have injured the roof very badly. We shall be inundated if it has."

They all sat down, pale, trembling, helpless, while the storm increased in violence.

"Where is Mr. Wildman? Surely he did not go out, after all?"

"Yes he did, Mrs. Brunton, just about fifteen minutes after yourself."

"Oh, Miss Elizabeth! do you think that he can have reached Eyrie yet?"

"Yes, my dear Theodora, I have no doubt he got there before, or just about the time the hail began to fall."

"He cannot get back to-night?"

"Of course not, my dear; he will not attempt it."

"Oh indeed I hope not."

The candles were now lighted; and Mrs. Wildman poured out a cup of coffee for her guest, who, seated at the table, was eating her supper, under protest, while the storm beat against the old house, and at every fresh blast the old timbers strained and creaked, as if at the next gust they must give way altogether.

An hour passed by, and still there was no abatement in the fury of the tempest. But through all its other noises—through the howling and shrieking of the wind, and the rattling of the sleet, and the crash of falling timbers, was heard a sound more awful than all others—one continual, thunderous roaring—it was the voice of Mad River, augmented by a hundred mountain torrents, and swollen to a flood.

"Good Heaven! if Basil should be on his way back, and attempt to cross that river!" exclaimed Theodora, in a sudden panic, that communicated itself to all around her, except to Miss Elizabeth, who held to her first opinion, and said—

"Never fear, my child! Rash as he is, Basil would never attempt to cross the mountain and the river through such a storm as this."

"No, indeed, never!" added Mrs. Wildman, by way of re-assuring *herself* as well as Theodora.

Midnight arrived, and still the storm raged with undiminished fury, while the thunderous roaring of Mad River now rendered conversation almost impossible. The family were cowering around the fire. The fuel that had been brought in for the supply of the night, was now exhausted, and the violence of the storm precluded the possibility of obtaining more.

"Children! I think we had better all of us go to bed," said old Mrs. Wildman.

"Dear me!" shuddered her visitor—"to go to bed in such a storm as this, would seem like a braving and a defying of Providence!"

And so the other members of the little circle seemed to think, as they drew their shawls closer around them, and cowered lower over the dying embers.

But after the climax of midnight the storm began gradually to subside. And in another hour, as the wind had fallen, and the fire was out, and the room cold, Mrs. Wildman's recent proposal, that they should all retire to bed, was received with more favor, and after a few minutes they all separated for the night.

Mrs. Brunton was put into Helen's vacant chamber, which was upon the same floor with Theodora's, and divided from it only by a narrow passage.

Theodora could not compose herself to rest. She shut the chamber door, set the light in the empty fire-place, and then opened the little gable end window to look out at the weather. The first object that met her touch was the leaves and branches of the fallen poplar tree that been blown down against the roof, and now lay leaning to the left of the window. The wind had entirely died away; but the clouds were still heavy overhead, and the snow and sleet was falling steadily. And now no sound was heard but the deafening roar of Mad River.

"He will not surely attempt to return to-night," she said to herself, vainly striving to conquer the anxiety that preyed upon her heart, keeping her from the possibility of sleep—an anxiety that she could scarcely support alone, and yet which she did wish again uselessly to communicate to others. She closed her window, undressed herself, said her prayers, put out her candle, and went to bed, but not to sleep."

Meanwhile all the household were at rest.

Mrs. Brunton in her room, across the little passage, in the other gable, had covered herself up snugly in bed, and, lulled by the roaring of Mad River that came deadened through the walls and closed shutters, she had fallen into a deep and dreamless sleep, which had continued for an indefinite time, when she was suddenly startled out of it by a piercing shriek from the adjoining room. She sprang from her bed in an instant, and stood shivering in a panic of fear, and of cold, for some minutes before she could recover herself and collect her scattered senses. Then she went to Theodora's room, rapped gently at the door, pushed it open, and entered. And she saw Theodora in her white robes standing, ghostlike, in the darkness of the room.

"My dear child, what was the matter? Did you have the nightmare? Did anything frighten you?"

"Hush! Speak lower, Mrs. Brunton! I hope I did not wake up any one else with my scream!"

"No, child, I do not think you did—they are too far off—but the partitions are so thin between your room and mine."

"Yes," said Theodora, going to the mantle-piece, and scraping a match and lighting a candle.

"Good heaven! you are as white as a corpse! and might be one but for your trembling! My dear child, what upon earth is the matter! You frighten me nearly out of my senses only to look at you!"

"Sit down here by me, and I will tell you!" said Theodora, replacing the lighted candle upon the mantle-piece, and seating herself upon the side of the bed.

Mrs. Brunton, with her eyes distended with wonder, placed herself by Theodora's side.

"What was it now, my dear?"

"A dream, a vision, a reality—I know not what! But as I lay here with my eyes closed, unable to sleep, I suddenly heard what seemed to be the refrain of a song, sung by a chorus—and as if in singing they had passed by, and passed out of hearing—"

"Dear me! did you make out the words?"

"Only one—the refrain of the vanishing chorus was, 'Free! Free!'"

"What a strange, unaccountable thing!" exclaimed the widow, incredulously; "it must have been a dream!"

"Listen farther. Simultaneously with the sound of the vanishing chorus, I felt a cool, damp hand laid upon my brow. I opened my eyes, and there I saw, as plainly as I ever saw him in my life, Basil Wildman, pale as death, and dripping wet, like one freshly come from a struggle in the waves! I thought it was himself wet and weary from the storm, and the passage of Mad River, and I started up to speak to him, when the arm was stretched out with a benignant and a valedictory gesture, as the vision vanished from sight. Then it was that I shrieked! And all this, from first to last, passed in an instant!"

"It was a dream, child! a remarkably distinct dream! that was all," said Mrs. Brunton, shuddering, in spite of her own incredulity.

"Perhaps it was. Listen! What o'clock was that?"

"It struck three."

"The night is far advanced! oh, how I wish it was morning."

"Try to sleep, child."

"Oh! I cannot, Mrs. Brunton; I am sick with nervousness. But do you go."

"Oh no, I have had my sleep out, honey. I will not leave you," said the kind woman, as she took a blanket from the bed, and wrapped Theodora in it.

Theodora then bowed her head, and buried her face in her own lap.

Mrs. Brunton wrapped herself in another blanket, and sat down by Theodora; and so they remained until the first faint gray dawn of morning.

As Mrs. Brunton raised her head and perceived the pale gray dawn faintly penetrating the chamber, she arose, walked to the mantel-piece, turned the dimly and redly burning tallow candle down into its socket, and then went and opened the window shutters to admit the light of day.

Theodora got up and went to her side, and they both looked out..

The scene baffled description. The neighborhood was almost unrecognizable. The face of the country was changed. They seemed to have been in one night transported to the polar regions. The parallel north and south ridges of mountains enclosing the valley, were the only steadfast and familiar features in the scenery. And even they were, in form and appearance, modified by avalanches of snow, drifted upon hills of torn and broken forests. The valley between them was broken up into huge artificial rocks, and ravines of ice and snow. And Mad River running through the midst of these, roared and raged beneath its prison walls of ice, like some chained and caged wild beast. So appeared the whole face of the country. Nearer the homestead, every pathway between the dwelling-house and out-buildings was blocked up by great heaps of drifted snow. Beside the window through which those women gazed, lay the fallen monarch of the grove, the huge poplar tree, supported by the roof of the house, and supporting in its turn an avalanche of snow.

GLASS CASE FOR WINDOW FLORAL DECORATION.

"Whew! a bad look out!" exclaimed the widow, closing the window, quickly, after an instant's view.

"You must content yourself to stay with us a week at least, Mrs. Brunton," said Theodora.

"I do not know but you are right, my child! There never was such a climate as ours! one can never put the least confidence in the weather!"

"But we can do our best to accommodate ourselves to its exigencies. And so, as we have no fire, we must hasten to dress. By-the way, Mrs. Brunton, do not speak below stairs of my strange dream; it would, perhaps, increase the anxiety of the family."

"No, surely not! Are you cold, or are you nervous, child, that you shake so?"

"Both, I believe. I do not feel so fearful now that day has returned; but, oh!—"

"What?"

"Nothing! I won't tempt misfortune by cowardice."

They dressed in haste, and went down stairs. One of the negro boys had ploughed his own body through the drifted snow, to bring wood to the house, and had made a large fire in the sitting-room, where, (as the old kitchen was rendered untenable by the weather,) Mrs. Wildman was preparing breakfast, while Miss Elizabeth was setting the table.

"My patience alive, children! did you ever see such weather as this? Basil won't be able to get back to-day, nor to-morrow nyther, I'm thinking! Howsoever, ef it was'nt for being uneasy about him, I shouldn't mind it, seeing there is nothing can be done on the farm now," said the old woman, setting a hot loaf of bread on the table.

"But there is no cause of uneasiness, Mrs. Wildman," said Theodora, anxious to re-assure herself.

"No—there's no rale cause, I s'pose; but you know what human natur is child! it can't never be satisfied unless it *sees*. But, pshaw! there aint no cause; Basil aint a fool! He never would have started to come back such a night as last night," concluded the old woman, as she set the last dish upon the table, and called the family around her.

After breakfast, Theodora took her place at the window that commanded the way towards Eyrie. I said 'way," for the steep and narrow bridle path, and the broad, winding road above was now entirely obliterated, and so changed was the side of the mountain, with its torn forests and drifted snows, that it was difficult to recognize the exact locality of that path and road.

"The earth really looks as if it were resolved back into original chaos," said Theodora to Miss Elizabeth, who came to her side.

"In my long life I remember but one such a storm. It was nearly fifty years ago," replied Miss Elizabeth, as she sat down and took up her work-basket.

Theodora essayed to help her as usual, but the burthen of anxiety pressing her heart, rendered every second of passing time, and every stitch of needle-work tedious beyond measure.

The temperature of the atmosphere had considerably moderated, and towards noon a thaw had set in.

"If it keeps on this way the snow will soon run off," remarked old Mrs. Wildman, who, by way of helping to pass a heavy day, was carefully dressing a turkey for dinner.

Through all the afternoon and evening it continued to thaw. The melted snow-drifts from the mountain sides ran down in torrents ploughing new ravines in their resistless course. The banks of ice along the margin of Mad River were broken up, and that stream fearfully augmented by the new tributaries from the mountains, overflowed its bed and flooded all the valley, carrying devastation and ruin in its course.

The whole group of the Red Ridge buildings was placed far above any danger from the flood; but from their point of safety the family watched with the deepest commiseration the destruction going on below them. As the waters arose they covered first the fences and low land marks, next small cabins and cottages of one story in height, then taller dwelling houses, barns, stables and so forth, until the valley was submerged, and over it rolled an inland sea whose shores were the encircling mountains.* Over the surface of this water floated fragments of the wreck—small cabins buoyed up like boats, articles of household furniture borne out upon the waves, tables, settees, cradles, sideboards, etc., floated on with the struggling and drowning forms of horses, cows and sheep.

"Old as I am never have I seen such a flood as this—never!" cried old Mrs. Wildman in dismay. "'Lizbeth, child, there's an old spy-glass in the back loft. Do go and bring it and let us try if we can see what has become of the people."

Miss Elizabeth obeyed, and the old instrument was cleaned and adjusted, and Theodora as having the youngest eyes was placed at the look-out. Groups of men, women, and children were then seen toiling for life up the mountain side towards the refuge of the convent—in another direction other groups were making the best of their way up to Mount Storm—and besides these—still others unseen, because concealed by the declivity of the mountain, were toiling up the steep to Red Ridge. All these had doubtless made their escape before the waters reached a height to render escape impossible. Theodora turned the glass, sweeping the whole expanse of waters before resigning her point of view.

"I think that the people must all have escaped," said Theodora, laying down the glass.

"Lord grant it!" and "Amen," responded the others.

* Those who have seen the spring floods of Harper's Ferry and other such places will recognize this.

It was growing too dark to resume the use of the spy-glass, and so that instrument was restored to its place, and the troubled family circle gathered once more around their hearth.

Scarcely had they composed themselves, however, when a bustle in the yard, followed by a knock at the outer door arrested their attention, and announced an arrival. Theodora ran and opened the door, and found some half-dozen of their poorer neighbors refugees from the flood wanting admittance.

Succor was most affectionately given them. Fresh fuel was thrown upon the fire; the warmest seats by the hearth were offered, and the table was set; and all this was done amid the warmest expressions of sympathy.

The news the visitors brought went no farther than to confirm the previous observations of the family. The flood, they said, had been very destructive, carrying away property and drowning cattle; but as far as they knew destroying no human life.

"And where is Mr. Basil?" at length inquired one of the refugees.

"Ah! he went to Eyrie yesterday afternoon, and has been kept there by the storm and the flood ever since. I hope he will be able to get home to-morrow," replied old Mrs. Wildman.

But now that her guests had warmed themselves, the state of their clothing required attention. They were wet and muddy above the knees. And Miss Elizabeth conducted them up stairs and supplied them with clean and dry clothing, which they put on while Mrs. Wildman below stairs prepared for them a comforting meal.

After supper the family and their guests gathered around the hearth—no one could think of going to bed or to sleep.

Towards morning the waters began to subside. The ebb was rapid. At sunrise the watchers looking out saw that the higher grounds of the valley were already bare though desolated, and that the flood was fast returning towards the channel of Mad River. The destruction of property they knew must be immense, though the precise amount of loss had yet to be ascertained.

Returning from their look out, the watchers were prevailed upon by old Mrs. Wildman to lie down and take some rest, while herself and Theodora remained to prepare breakfast for their new large company.

"Can Basil possibly return to-day, do you think?" inquired Theodora of the old woman.

"Indeed it is hard telling, child. The roads must be half leg deep in mud in some places—if there was to come a freeze now the travelling mightn't be so bad," replied Mrs. Wildman, bustling about in her preparations.

In the course of an hour the room was put in order and the breakfast made ready. Theodora went up stairs to summon the family, but returning reported that all their friends worn out with watching were fast asleep, and advised that they should not be wakened. Therefore the old woman and the young one took each a cup of coffee, which having drunk, they sat down to await the waking of their guests.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD SCOTCH JUDICIAL CUSTOMS.—At Edinburgh, the old Judges had a practice at which even their barbaric age used to shake its head. They had always wine and biscuits *on the bench* when the business was clearly to be protracted beyond the usual dinner hour. The modern Judges—those, I mean, who were made after 1800—never gave in to this; but with those of the preceding generation, some of whom lasted several years after 1800, it was quite common. Black bottles of strong port were set down beside them on the bench, with glasses, caraffes of water, tumblers, and biscuits; and this without the slightest attempt at concealment. The refreshment was generally allowed to stand untouched, and as if despised, for a short time, during which their Lordships seemed to be intent only on their notes. But in a little, some water was poured into the tumbler and sipped quietly, as if merely to sustain nature. Then a few drops of wine were ventured upon, but only with the water; till at last patience could endure no longer, and a full bumper of the pure black element was tossed over; after which the thing went on regularly, and there was a comfortable munching and quaffing, to the great envy of the parched throats in the gallery. The strong headed stood it tolerably well, but it told, plainly enough, upon the feeble. Not that the ermine was absolutely intoxicated, but it was certainly sometimes affected. This, however, was so ordinary with these sages, that it really made little apparent change upon them. It was not very perceptible at a distance; they had all acquired the habit of sitting and looking judicial enough, even when their bottles had reached the lowest ebb. This open-court refection did not prevail, so far as I ever saw, at circuits. It took a different form there. The temptation of the inn frequently produced a total stoppage of business; during which all concerned—judges and counsel, clerks, jurymen, and provosts—had a jolly dinner; after which they returned again to the transportations and hangings. I have seen this done often. It was a common remark that the step of the evening procession was far less true to the music than that of the morning.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

A SCOTCH JUDGE.—A Judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style as his lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words: "My lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player." "What's that?" said his lordship; "is that what ye ca' a bline' fiddler?" "Vulgarly so called," said the lawyer.

☞ Reputation—oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—*Shakspeare.*

THE PURITAN'S DAILY ROUTINE.

To rise early was not considered worthy of any remark; while not rising early would be deemed a crime. To be up by daylight was a matter of course with every family. The father was expected to move first; to strike a light with flint and steel; to kindle a fire under the kettle in which the water for the porridge was to be boiled. This done, he calls the boys, who soon appear, and after them, the mother and daughters. One wooden wash-basin served each, in turn, for morning ablutions; and the roller sufficed for wiping all faces. The dress is suited to their work. The father wears an old cocked-up hat or a thick cotton hat, or thick cotton cap; no cravat, but a low shirt collar; a short frock of strongest warp; a pair of old leather breeches; and leggins which were confined above the knee, and tied over the shoe with a string round the middle of the foot. The boys had cotton caps on their heads, or the remnants of old felt hats; short jackets of the coarsest fabrics, and leather breeches with leggins.

By early dawn, the father and three eldest sons are in the cow yard milking. This over, the youngest son drives the cows to pasture, and hastens back to the next duties. The hogs have received their allowance of buttermilk. The morning's milk has been strained and set for cream or heated to begin a cheese. Then comes the reading of the sacred Scriptures and the family prayers. Immediately afterwards following the breakfast, which in winter is by candle-light, and in summer by dawn light. The breakfast which is commenced by "asking a blessing," and closed by "returning thanks," consists of porridge, dealt out before sitting down, in small wooden bowls. A small central dish has in it some shad and salted alewives, or peradventure, some fresh eels, which the boys caught from the river the evening before. With these, brown bread and beer are served; and here ended the usual variety. Sometimes the children were regaled with samp and milk, and the father with boiled salt pork.

From the breakfast-table, father and sons repair to the field, and are at work by six o'clock. With their tools they have taken the family gun—not so much from fear of Indians, as the hope of securing some valuable game. Sometimes a fine deer crossing their field, on his way to the river, and if they are so fortunate as to take him, it makes a *feast* at home; for every part is eaten. Salted and smoked it was deemed a savory dish. By half past eight o'clock, our laborers in the field are ready for the usual lunch, which consists of smoked shad, bread and cheese and cider. Thus sustained till a quarter before twelve, they hear the dinner horn announcing—what the boys had been expecting with impatience—dinner. All hands break off and start for home, and are ready to sit down just as the sun is square on the window-edge, and the sand in the hour glass is out.

A blessing craved, they begin with the Indian pudding, and relish it with a little molasses. Next comes a piece of broiled salt pork, or black broth, fried eggs, brown bread, cabbage, and cider. They denominated dinner "boiled victuals," and their plates "wooden trenchers." Potatoes did not come into use till 1753, tea and coffee till 1780. Turnips, carrots and parsnips were cultivated. Dinner dispatched in fifteen minutes, the time till one o'clock was called "nooning," when each laborer was free to play or sleep. Nooning over, they repair to the fields, and find that a fox or a wolf has killed a sheep, and eaten his dinner. The father takes his gun and hastens in search, telling the boys "to keep at work, and if they see the fox to whistle with all their might." The fox that took great pains to be there when the owner was away, now takes great pains to be away when the owners are there. A drink of good beer all round at three o'clock, is the only relief in the afternoon's toil, which ends at five; at which hour the youngest son drives home the cows, and the milking is finished at six. The hogs and sheep are now called to their enclosures near the barn, where the faithful dog will guard them from their night prowling enemies.

All things being safe, supper is ready. The father takes a slice of cold broiled pork, the usual brown bread and a mug of beer, while the boys are regaled with milk porridge or hasty pudding. In their season, they had watermelons and muskmelons; and for extra occasions a little cherry wine. Sometimes they had boiled Indian corn, mixed with kidney beans. Into bean and pea porridge they put a slice of venison. They had also a succotash, which is corn and beans boiled together. The meat of the shag bark was dried and pounded, and then put into their porridge to thicken it. The barley fire cake was served at breakfast. They parched corn and pounded it, and made it into a nocake. Baked pumpkins were common. The extra dish for company was a cake made of strawberries and parched corn. The same religious exercises as were offered at dinner are now repeated.

At seven o'clock a neighbor calls, not to ask the news, for there is none, but to propose a change of work for Tuesday next. This was agreed to, and as our ancestors made up in hearty welcome what they wanted in luxuries, a mug of cider is drunk by way of entertainment; and half past seven finds the neighbor gone, and the household ready for family prayers. The scriptures are read in—the Old Testament in the morning, and the New at night. Eight o'clock records the entire family in bed, except one of the boys, who has an inquisitive mind, and has borrowed a book on witchcraft; and he is allowed to sit up till nine, and read by the light of a pitch pine knot stuck into a hole in the chimney.—*Brooks' History of the Town of Medford.*

REPOSE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

She sleeps among her pillows soft,
(A dove, now wearied with her flight,)
And all around, and all aloft,
Hang flutes and folds of virgin white;
Her hair outdarkens the dark night,
Her glance outshines the starry sky;
But now her locks are hidden quite,
And closed is her fringed eye.

She sleepeth: wherefore does she start?
She sigheth; doth she feel no pain?
None, none! the dream is near her heart;
The spirit of sleep is in her brain,
He cometh down like golden rain,
Without a wish, without a sound;
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
Dethroned from his mighty sway—
Far fading when the dawning skies
Our souls with wakening thoughts array.
Two spirits of might doth man obey;
By each he's wrought, from each he learns;
The one is Lord of life by day,
The other when starry Night returns.

DIGNITY.—Marcel was a dancing master, the first posture master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough to dance well. He was so wrapt up in the sublimity of his art, that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said, "Go and take it up, Miss, and present it to me as I taught you." She burst into tears, and obeyed. "I consent to take it now, and thank you: but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

☞ Lord Standford told Moore that Lady Caroline Lamb, in a moment of passion, had knocked down one of her pages with a stool. "Well," said the poet, "it is nothing uncommon for a literary lady to double down a page."

WINDOW GARDENING.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We believe so entirely in the wisdom of Goethe's maxim—"Encourage the Beautiful; the Useful encourages itself"—and wish so heartily for its practical acceptance as a rule of action here in America, that we have no hesitation in sometimes passing by drawings of the strictly serviceable instruments and implements, and giving our readers in preference, these pictures of inventions for the ornamentation of home. This week we present the engraving of a glass case for the culture of flowers and plants in the parlor or sitting room. This inexpensive, elegant and ingenious method of floriculture was first invented and brought into use about twelve years ago, by an English gentleman, Mr. Ward. At a trifling cost it may be made to minister to the elegance of our homes in a very remarkable degree.

There are two great advantages derived by the plants from this mode of culture. In the first place, a certain supply of water being once given, the nearly air-tight glass covering prevents its evaporation, so that a regular supply is kept up without the trouble of continual watering. This effect takes place, too, in a manner most advantageous to the plants, inasmuch as it is very analogous to that in which they obtain moisture in their natural state. It takes place in this manner. A certain quantity of water is administered before closing up the glass receptacle, and from this supply of moisture a vapor ascends whenever the surrounding atmosphere rises above a certain temperature. This vapor may then be seen, as it becomes condensed, hanging about the interior of the glass, and covering the foliage of the enclosed plants with all the effect of natural dew; and as the temperature becomes lower, it finds its way back again to the soil.

The second great advantage is that derived by the plants from being protected from dust, the accumulation of which about the foliage of plants in rooms, is one of the main causes of their unhealthiness in such situations, as the pores become choked, and the vegetable respiration is, in consequence, fatally impeded. Thus two of the greatest impediments to the successful cultivation of plants in rooms are obviated, namely, the irregular supply of moisture, especially over the foliage, and the accumulation of dust, which is still more injurious.

Such a case as the one represented in the illustration may be constructed in the following manner. A zinc tray must be provided, about four feet long and two broad, according to the breadth of the window and the depth of the recess in which it is to stand. The tray must be about four inches deep, and over the bottom a layer of finely broken potsherds must be strewn to the depth of rather more than an inch, in order to secure drainage, and prevent the water from stagnating about the roots of the plants. Above this a layer of small pieces of the rooty portion of rotten turf may be placed, and then the tray must be filled up with any good garden soil, lightened with a little silver sand.

In the present design, it is intended that before putting in the drainers or the soil, a large flower-pot should be placed in the centre, up to the level of which the soil should be gradually raised from all sides, leaving the pot itself empty. To prevent the soil from falling away and leaving the edge or side of the pot, many obvious devices may be resorted to; and then the surface round the edge of the pot may be planted with sprigs of the elegant Chinese lycopodium, which will soon bind it together, and keep it in place. The other parts of the tray may be filled with ferns and other plants suited to such a position, several species of mesembrianthemum and cactus having been found to do well in such a prison as glass. When these plants have been watered sufficiently to moisten the soil all through without making it too wet, the tray is ready to put in the case. One of the upright sides of the glass-case should be made to let down, in order that the zinc tray may be placed with ease upon the (closely-fitting) bottom of the stand. When the glass side is again raised and fixed with a small bolt, the pentagonal lid, as shown in the engraving, is put on, and it should fit tightly into a groove made in the wooden framing of the lower portion of the case. It is now necessary to describe the use of the empty flower-pot in the centre of the zinc tray. In the first place, it serves to diversify the level upon which the mosses, ferns, &c., are planted; its second and principal use is, to receive a flowering plant in a pot, which may be changed at any time without disturbing the other plants. A China rose in full bloom is supposed in the engraving to have been just placed in its own pot within the empty one; and the branchlets of the lycopodium having been carefully drawn over the edges of the two pots, the plant has all the appearance of growing spontaneously among the ferns and other beautiful forms of the fresh green foliage with which the case is filled. Protected by the glass, and supplied as it continually is with a proper amount of moist atmosphere, the rose will retain a long time in perfection; and when it begins to fade it can be removed, and replaced by another plant in full flower without in any way disturbing the other plants.

A SCOTCH JUDGE.—Another original of the Scottish bench was George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, a personage still remembered in Edinburgh. He was an able lawyer and a worthy man. Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced only to a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God! my Lairds, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

His love of children was warm-hearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly as if they were grown up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his about his grand-nephew who happened to be his partner in a match at bowls: "No wonder that that little fellow and I are such friends—there are just seventy years between us." He was eighty, the boy ten.

But when a boy happened to be a sailor he was irresistible. A little English midshipman, being violently attacked by a much bigger lad in Greenock, defended himself with his dirk, and by an unfortunate, if not accidental, thrust killed the assailant. He was tried for this at Glasgow, and had the good luck to have Hermand for his Judge, for no Judge ever fought a more gallant battle for a prisoner. The boy appeared at the bar in his uniform. Hermand first refused "to try a child." After this was driven out of him, the indictment, which described the occurrence and said that the prisoner had slain the deceased "wickedly and feloniously," was read; and Hermand then said, "Well, my young friend, this is not true, is it? Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, my Lord." "I'll be sworn you're not." In spite of all his exertions, his young friend was convicted of culpable homicide; for which he was sentenced to a few days' imprisonment.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

☞ TRUTH.—Splendid qualities break forth in dark times, like lightning from a thunder storm.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"A Day's Stroll in Japan."

The "Old John" was still at anchor in the Japanese port of Simoda, Island of Ni-pon. It was a beautiful day, and I, John Smith, my friend Loudon, and our mutual friend Bridlebit, were rising with the sun for a day's tramp back into the country.

Bridlebit was one of a party of widewake Americans, who had lately arrived in Japan for the purpose of purchasing a cargo of Japanese articles for the San Francisco market, but a number of ship-wrecked Russians having paid them well for their schooner to take a part of their number to Kamtschatka, he, among others, had remained in Simoda while awaiting her return, and being a gentleman of great leisure in consequence was always ready to join any similar party to ours. So off we started with very large walking sticks, very heavy boots, concealed revolvers, our watches, and a very poor idea of where we were going or what we were going to do.

"Let's just start directly back into the country," said Loudon, "walk right straight ahead until twelve o'clock; then eat our lunch alongside of some romantic stream, throw the crumbs to the fish, and return by a new road. If we do lose our way and have to sleep among the Japanese, why, we'll at anyrate do what no untied foreigner has done for centuries."

"I think I'd rather sleep in my bunk," said Smith, "unless indeed we could carry a tent with us, and go upon a regular voyage of discovery for a week."

"That's a good idea," said Bridlebit, "but as we are now half way on shore, we'd better put it off to another day."

The boat here ranged up to the rocky and picturesque landing, and we stepped ashore under the heavy foliage of unknown trees, and wended our interesting path between their sturdy, live oak-like trunks, and under their sheltering arms. It was the third time that we had been on shore in Simoda, but we could not tire of that shady walk or of looking around every bush and corner for something new. The reflection that we were among a people who for hundreds of years had existed entirely among themselves, lent an interest to every object that crossed our path, and caused the blood to flow through our veins with the nervous excitement of intense curiosity.

The first object of note that we passed was a Government spy-house—a small bamboo building, which had been erected near the landing, *since our arrival*, for the express purpose of enabling the Government spies who occupied it, to note every American who came on shore, and cause him to be followed and watched by one or more of their number. We had upon both of our previous visits, been excessively annoyed by these spies, and had complained to the Governor of being thus watched, but he excused his Government with the bare-faced assertion that "They were sent along with us to keep us from getting lost, and not as spies upon our movements," adding that, "if we did not want them, we had only to *send them away*." This was all very fair apparently, but when we had "sent them away," they *wouldn't go*—affecting not to understand us—and so this time we had gone on shore determined to give the first fellow who couldn't understand our signs to return, a good kicking, and if necessary, a thumping besides. The opportunity for resorting to this practical mode of explanation soon presented itself.

We had not passed the Spy House more than a hundred yards, when a two-sworded officer was observed to be following us, and before walking another hundred, he was within speaking distance. We stopped to let him come up, but he also came to a halt; it was evidently a case of "Mahomet and the Mountain," and so Mahomet boldly returned to the mountain.

This action on the part of the Prophet was evidently regarded in a threatening light by the Mountain; the latter looked just like an over-curious servant detected by his master in the act of eavesdropping.

Mahomet took the Mountain by the shoulders, caused him to "right about face," and then made signs that we were going North, and that he, the Mountain, was expected to move off in a Southerly direction. This he "couldn't understand," through the medium of the senses of sight and hearing, and so Mahomet resorted to his heavy boot and the Mountain's sense of *feeling*. I never saw such a kick in my previous life, and but one subsequently that at all approached it. It caused the Mountain to tremble to his very base, and then take up his uneven flight for the friendly shelter of the Spy House, where he sank exhausted upon the soft matting, and as we looked back we could see him gesticulating vehemently in our direction. Our path was crossed by no more *Mountains* that day,—many rough hills, and no end of water courses and rocky roads—but no more Mountains. Mahomet looked as large as *two* ordinary men after the successful accomplishment of this feat, and as we crossed the broken waters of the river of Simoda,* by a bridge of planks nailed on the heads of numerous spiles, we talked quite triumphantly of our victory, and almost wished that we had another two-sworded officer to exercise upon.

It was a beautiful valley that we were now ascending. Wildly beautiful in its strange isolation from the world, in its irregular formation, in its short and angular turnings, in the clear and limpid stream which, flowing through its highly cultivated centre, followed its every turning, and here and there approached the jutting feet of the mountains of either side. Wildly beautiful in the dense and unknown foliage, in grove after grove of the wax-like japonica, in the startled flight of brilliant birds, in the sudden dash of the mountain trout, and in the shady cottages of the unknown people.

We had much to see, more to think about, still more that was lost to us. Who ever yet saw all that was worth seeing during his first walk in the strange land of a still stranger people? We tried to divide our attention between the beauties of this strange land and the appearance and habits of the still stranger people. Sometimes we would leave the highway that followed along the river's bank, and following a winding foot-path, come suddenly upon some rural habitation and its startled occupants. Then what a scene of noise and confusion would ensue! Dogs barking and slinking off behind corners; children screaming and clinging to their mothers for protection; while the mothers themselves wrung their hands and blubbered like so many children. Everybody and everything flying from us as if destruction existed in our very appearance. By the men only were we—as a general rule—differently received, and even they often avoided us, or approached with distrustful glances, as their retreating household left them alone with the "Amelekins."

We generally commenced these interviews by exclaiming, "Ohio."† Then shaking hands with friendly energy, next addressing them as "John," and finally producing a cigar for each of the party. These they would light with great difficulty—watching our motions very closely, soon tire of smoking them, put them aside carefully, and end by lighting their own small pipes, and offering us a puff, while waxing bold enough to feel the texture of our clothes, examine our boots, &c., &c. About this period of the action, we would produce a watch, revolver, box of matches, or some equally, to them, unknown principle, and explain its mechanism or use, and before ending we were generally surrounded by the entire family, women, children and dogs, all apparently—not even excepting the latter—equally curious to see "what the row was." What wonders the feeling of curiosity will effect! it was our most powerful lever in working ourselves into the good graces of those singular, but—I mean the masses—well meaning people.

The motion of the watch seemed to afford them more satisfaction than anything else, and by pointing to the sun and the hour hand alternately, making various signs, and using a few disconnected words of their language, which we would acquire expressly for these walks, we generally gave them a very fair idea of its use and value. They were also much amazed at our revolvers, making signs that one American was more than equal to six Japanese, and that "Nipon" and "*Amelika" must always be friends.

When we would get up to leave, after all this, they would press around to shake hands, and often accompanied us some distance on our walk. They seemed to jump at once from a state of frightened distrust to one of perfect confidence, and would laugh heartily at other parties who, seeing us suddenly round a corner, would drop their baskets or bundles and run for dear life, until reassured by a well known voice or familiar face. We could not avoid the conviction that the officers had impressed the people with the idea that we were cut-throats, etc., and that they would best consult their safety by avoiding all communication. At any rate, they always received us distrustfully, and parted from us in the utmost good humor.

It was in this way that we continued our walk up the romantic valley, until 1 P. M., when we reached a wayside tavern, where we wiped our heated brows, pulled off our heavy boots, and stretched out upon the clean looking, cushion like mats with which the floors of their houses are *always* spread. There are wayside taverns in Japan, as well as in the rest of the world, reader, and the publican of this particular one was a fine looking old man, with an upright frame, an expansive forehead, a mild blue eye, and a general cast of features that partook as much of the Caucasian as of the Mongolian race. He received us without the slightest hesitation of manner, in fact with polite self-possession—*he* had evidently been associated with Americans before, possibly with members of Perry's squadron at Simoda—and drew us off several cups of saki† from one of his numerous hogsheads. He also called his wife and daughters to see the "Amelikins," and they approached without the usual signs of distrust, smiling good-humoredly, and giving utterance to several connected words which—judging from the morning compliments usually indulged in by the ladies of our own land—we concluded had some bearing upon the "general state of the weather, and upon the heat of our walk in particular," but of this we were never fully satisfied.

In the meantime, the old gentleman began spitting several fine specimens of mountain trout, and sticking them upright before the fire, intimating, by signs, that they would soon be done, and that they would agree well with the saki. We very shortly proved the truth of his signs to our entire satisfaction.

We then, in turn, produced our lunch, of which they all partook sparingly, tasting each different article, such as cold ham, sardines, loaf-bread, claret, &c., and then passing it on to their next neighbor. They seemed pleased with them all, save the claret, over which they made awfully wry faces—there is no denying that it *was* a little sour—and compared it to vinegar, which latter is with them an article of great consumption. We passed an hour in this way very pleasantly, and then hauled on our boots, which had previously been passing the rounds as objects of great admiration, bade our kind hosts farewell, and leaving the river at right angles, struck over the mountains for the sea, supposed to be distant about two or three miles.

We had a tough climb up the ravine paths, but the work of surveying had well used us to exertion of that nature, and at the end of an hour we were looking down from a rocky pass, between two neighboring peaks, upon the distant sea. We were surprised, almost alarmed, at its great distance; at least three or four miles to the beach, and then six or eight more along the beach to Simoda. We began to think that we might have to sleep on shore after all; but by driving steadily ahead, having the good fortune *not to get lost*, and resisting the temptation to stop at the inviting villages through which we passed, we reached our boat in good time, and took our friend Bridlebit on board with us, to a dinner by candle light. It struck eight bells (8 P. M.) as we once more ranged alongside of the Old John's slaty hull. That same night the affair of "Mahomet and the Mountain" spread around the mess like wildfire, and resulted in a vote of thanks being tendered the former for his gallant bearing, and a resolution that "we do likewise to the first two-sworded officer who presumes to follow us hereafter."

* Some forty or fifty yards in width, and navigable by boats for a short distance only, to the commencement of the Rapids.

† How do you do? or good morning!

* Japan and America.

† A strong and sweet drink, made from rice.

Precedent.—The day is still within the memory of many, when men on trial for their lives were not permitted to defend themselves by counsel, and this deprivation was made in the name of fairness, "because," saith Coke, "that the testimony and proof of the crime ought to be so clear and manifest, that there can be no defence of it." If we travel back still farther, we come to a time when no prisoner was entitled to a copy of the indictment against him, or the panel, or of any of the proceedings; such necessary aids to a defence were refused to Sir Harry Vane and Colonel Sidney. Hearsay evidence; things said to have been said by dead or absent persons; testimonies of the loosest kind, were admitted against a prisoner in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was not usual even to examine witnesses against the Crown. When Throckmorton, on trial for his life, asked for the reading of an entire deposition, wherefrom portions had been quoted against him, he was assured that "it would be but loss of time, and would make nothing for him." Then, again, persons prosecuted by the Crown, used to be tried by judges holding place and pension at the pleasure of the prosecutor, as well as by juries liable to unlimited fine and imprisonment, and, not seldom, reminded that they were so liable for verdicts unpalatable to the Court. Sheriffs, too, were submissive, and commonly returned juries so partial that, as Wolsey said of them, "they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain." In the reign of Henry the Eighth, to which we have just referred, seventy-two thousand adjudged criminals were executed, being an average of six a day, including Sundays. Towards the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, the average came to be one each day for all the working week, and two for Sunday.—*Anon.*

Peter the Great's Deportment to his Subjects.—Here, at Fredericksstadt, they confirmed to us what I have written of the Czar, and related many other things of him of a good tendency; one of which was this: That he used quite another way with his officers, and others, than what had been reported of him when in his own country; for he was so familiar, that he would have them call him sometimes by his name, and seemed better pleased with that way than his former distance; only in times of their worship, which they sometimes held in the market place, he would then, as is usual at home, resume great dignity on him; and one time, being rainy weather when they were at it, he wearing his own hair, pulled off the great wig from one of his Dukes, and put it on himself, to cover him from the rain, making the owner stand bareheaded the whole; for it seems he is so absolute, that there must be no grumbling at what he does, life and estate being wholly at his discretion.—*Life of Thomas Story.*

☞ The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FOURTH.

Mrs. Pottles sees no reason why she shouldn't get out on the roof of the house to see the fire-works!

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise, and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom—

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law; Awake, and pray."

"Thy words are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread,

"For matters cannot well be worse,
Than when the thief says—'Guard your purse,'

"I cannot trust your counsel, friend,
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan—"Near the Throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

"Angels of light, to us 'twas given
To guide each wandering foot to Heaven;

"Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

"Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent;

"But never quite forgets the day,
When in his father's arms he lay;

"So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine;

"God's finger rested on my brow—
That magic touch, I feel it now!

"I fell, 'tis true—Oh, ask not why
For still to God I turn my eye,

"It was a chance by which I fell,
Another takes me back from Hell

"'Twas but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

"Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

"But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land.

"Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into Heaven again.

"A game of chess is all we see—
And God the player, pieces we.

"White, black—queen, pawn—'tis all the same,
For on both sides he plays the game;

"Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall, as suits His will."

The Caliph said: "If this be so,
I know not; but thy guile I know;

"For how can I thy words believe,
When even God thou didst deceive.

"A sea of lies art thou—our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan, "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod.

"In tempting, I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse;

"Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted,"—the Caliph said—"but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

"Tell then the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well—
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

"If you had missed your prayer, I know
A swift repentance would ensue.

"And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

"I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine;

"Preferring prayers, elate with pride,
To sin with penitence allied."

—*Christian Inquirer.*

The Native-Land of Voices.—We begin with the Contralto. It is a curious fact that this voice is found principally in the southern parts of Italy and Spain, and among the poorer classes that work in the open air. I have always remarked in my own country (Italy), that in small provincial theatres, the Contralto chorus-singers are in far greater number than the Soprano; I have no doubt that this is owing to the hard labor and frugal fare of these women, (they being mostly peasants, following some laborious out-door occupation,) which manner of living gives to the vocal organs greater strength and volume.

The Mezzo Soprano is, if I may so speak, cosmopolite; for everywhere may this voice be found. Madame Malibran, Spain; Stoltz, France; Sherriff, England, &c., &c.

Northern countries, on the contrary, are the cradle of fine Soprano voices. Mad. Sontag, Germany; Persiani, North of Italy; Demeric (who had one of the most beautiful voices possible), Hungary; Jenny Lind, Sweden; Damoreau Cinti, North of France.

The Tenor voices are principally found in the centre of Italy and South of France. Nourri, Montpelier; Rubini, Bergamo; Duprez, Toulouse; Mario, Bettini, and Gardoni, centre of Italy.

Bass and Baritone are also cosmopolites. Lablache and Benedetti, Naples; Barroilhet, France; Tamburini, Bergamo; Badiali, Mariai, and Benevantano, centre of Italy; Herr Formes, Germany. But Russia may boast of having produced the very deepest and most powerful Bass voices.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

THE BRAIN OF NEGROES.

Camper, Cuvier, White, Mons. St. Vincent, Soemerring, and some others, by measuring the skulls of a few negroes, and their degree of facial angle, have supposed that they were vastly inferior to the whites in mental capacity. Later ethnologists have proved that little dependence can be placed on the facial angle, or even on the outside measurement of the skull, as a test of the volume of the brain. That Cuvier and others were somewhat mistaken, is clearly proved by Professor Tiedeman, of Heidelberg, who has published a paper in "The Philosophical Transactions," in which he gives the results of his measurement of the cavum cranii, which is the hollow portion of the skull containing the brain. He measured the cavum cranii of 41 skulls of various African tribes, not Egyptian, 77 male and 12 female Europeans, 20 of the Mongol races, 27 American Indian, 43 Malayan and Oceanic races, and 4 Egyptian, and has given us the result in tables. In these tables the largest capacity of a negro is an Ibo of Congo, 54 oz. 8 drs. and 33 grs. The largest European is a Cossack from the Don, 57 oz. 3 drs. and 56 grs. Tiedeman's conclusions, drawn from the measurements, and from anatomical examination of the brain, are as follows:

"1. The brain of the negro is, upon the whole, quite as large as that of the European, and other human races; the weight of the brain, its dimensions, and the capacity of the cavum cranii prove this fact.

"2. The nerves of the negro, relatively to the size of the brain, are not thicker than those of Europeans, as Soemerring and his followers have said.

"3. The outward form of the spinal cord, the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum and cerebrum of the negro show no important difference from that of the European.

"4. The negro brain does not resemble that of an ourang-outang, more than the European brain, except in the more symmetrical distribution of the gyri and sulci. It is not even certain whether this is always the case. We cannot, therefore, coincide with the opinion of many naturalists, who assert that the negro has more resemblance to apes than Europeans in reference to the brain and nervous system."

Although we may not be convinced that the mental capacity of the negro is equal to that of the Caucasian, by the foregoing from Tiedeman, yet we think he proves conclusively that the negro is not as inferior as many assert.

The late Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, was an ethnologist, whose authority few will question. His collection of skulls is the largest in the world, numbering 940, and hence he enjoyed advantages which few ethnologists possess. He differs somewhat from Tiedeman regarding the negro, and may be nearer the truth, on account of his greater facilities. He found the negro brain smaller than the Caucasian, and larger than the brain of Chinese, Indostanees, Fellas (modern Egyptians), ancient Egyptians, and the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans. Thus we find the negro, in mental capacity, superior to the Chinese, ancient Egyptians, and Hindoos—nations celebrated for their progress in civilization. To those who inquire for the fruits of negro civilization in the past history of the world, we refer to the interior of Africa, where there may exist civilized nations. Indeed, Dr. Barth and other recent travellers inform us of nations in the interior of Africa who are at least partly civilized, and the world may yet exist long enough to permit them to attain a high degree of civilization. Indeed, it is but a few hundred years since the nations of Europe were in a state of barbarism. Time was when a citizen of ancient Egypt might call our ancestors a barbaric race, and might tauntingly use the same arguments to prove their mental inferiority as those now used by some against the negro.

The ancient Egyptians attained to such a high degree of civilization, that many modern writers on ethnology, wishing to confine all the intelligence to their race, placed them in the Caucasian group.—However, the latest and best writers on the subject, and Morton, in the last years of his life, among the rest, admit and assert that the ancient Egyptians were Africans, peculiar to Egypt.

History, and the ancient records and paintings of Egypt, prove that the differences in race were the same 5,000 years ago as at present. All the races and different families of men compose one great brotherhood, having one Supreme Parent, the Father of all.—*Life Illustrated.*

Sympathy for the Fallen.—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within, health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness, that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with Him from whose hands it came.—*Anon.*

☞ How to Know a Fool.—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

The Effect of Shakspeare.—In the Memoirs of the German poet Tieck, the following incident is recorded:—"One day a volume of Eschenburg's translation of Shakespeare fell into his hands. It was Hamlet. He at once hastened home with his prize. Full of expectation, he could not restrain his impatience. His path led him across the Lustgarten, through one of the avenues of poplars that then enclosed it. It was a misty evening late in the autumn; a fine, penetrating rain began to fall. Among the trees glimmered a few miserable oil-lamps. Ludwig walked up to one, wishing at least to read the list of *dramatis personæ* by the weak, uncertain light. Scarcely had he cast a glance at the book than he felt rivetted to it at once. The night-scene, the first conversation of the guards, the appearance of the Ghost,—all this filled him with preternatural horror, and at the same time with infinite delight. He felt nothing of the autumn wind that drove the rain into his face; he did not know that he was obliged to keep his umbrella and book in a state of equilibrium; he was not aware that he was standing on damp leaves. He saw and heard nothing but Hamlet. He read and read, and did not leave off until he came to the funeral-march. Wet through, with stiffened feet and hands, he woke up from his trance. He was not, indeed, at Elsinore, but from the depths of the past a spirit had arisen in him more vast and mighty than the majesty of murdered Denmark; he had heard its summons in the hour of night. At last he hastened home, not without fear of an earthly correction at the hands of his father. But what was any terror compared with the apparition by which he had just been visited!

Sleep.—Sleep is necessary to life in every stage and form. It is the balmy bath which Young says "supplies, lubricates and keeps in play the various movements of this nice machine"—man. It is great Nature's second course—man's rich restorative—"chief nourisher in life's feast." In this fast age, when it is the fashion with many of the middle classes, and particularly the upper, to turn night into day, and invert the order of Nature, it is scarcely to be wondered at that few last out the allotted term of life. No matter what be a man's occupation—physical or mental, or, like Othello's, "gone," and living in idleness—the constitution cannot last, depend upon it, without a sufficiency of regular and refreshing sleep. John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a just-published volume by a medical man, there is one great lesson that hard students and literary men may learn, and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep. "Four hours' rest at night and one after dinner, cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of body and mind." Certainly not; and the consequence was that Hunter died early. If men will insist on cheating Sleep, her "twin-sister, Death," will avenge the insult.

The Fandango.—The fandango danced by the gipsy man and girl, arrives to the dignity of a fine art. It is a love scene, set to music, and expressed in motion. The *danseur* accompanies his step with the castinets—in the hands of an Andalusian as joyous and melodious an instrument. He advances toward the girl, who retreats, in a half-reluctant, half-inviting motion; he hastens in pursuit, she flies as if alarmed; his countenance and attitude express hope, hers simulate hesitation; his gestures indicate persuasion, hers rebuke presumption; his eye betrays desire, hers a soft languor that encourages. After countless feints on one side, successfully evaded on the other; approaches admirably planned, and retreats no less ably accomplished; promises, prayers, menaces are passionately proffered, and playfully or scornfully repulsed; the girl as if tired of even a victorious conquest, consents to parley. The dancers approach each other, at first with hesitating steps, then with quickened motions, and at last, with eager vehemence, music and gesture illustrating the different phases of their passion, till their breath commingles, their arms interlace, and their lips encounter—the crowning glory of their exploits.

The Incidents of War.—When the gates of Magdeburg were opened, and the Croats and other cavalry admitted, there commenced a scene of horrors, a catalogue of crimes and outrages, for which the past annals of cities sacked and plundered could scarcely find a parallel. The pleadings of infancy, the feebleness of womanhood, the grey hairs and decrepitude of old age, were treated with the same indiscriminate disregard, the same diabolical cruelty. Women in labor were put to death. Others, distinguished in rank and beautiful in person, were tied to the stirrups of the brutal horsemen, and so dragged captive. Violence was offered to others under every conceivable form of aggravation. In one church fifty persons, chiefly women, were found with their hands tied and beheaded. The Croats and Walloons stuck their lances into the bodies of little children, and, after whirling them round their spears' points several times, cast them into the fire; and two armed fiends in human shape took up a poor baby that lay shrieking in the street, and tore it asunder.—*Chapman's History of Gustavus Adolphus.*

A Commentary on Shakspeare.—When Shakspeare says that the man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, he says what some people greatly misunderstand. He does not say that worthy old Brown, who cannot tell "*Rule Britannia*" from "*God Save the Queen*," is a traitor and villain at heart. He does not denounce the want of musical ear. The want of musical soul is what he condemns, the want of that element in the soul which answers to music and is affected by music; the want of heartstrings capable of vibrating to music—to tender, plaintive, joyful, grand, unearthly, glorious music—the deficiency, in short of those sentiments which distinguish man from the jackass and other brutes. A man may be wholly destitute of these sentiments, and be able to fiddle a brilliant fantasia; he may possess all of them, and yet be quite deaf; music must get to them to excite them; but in that degree wherein it has power to excite them, it is good music.—*Punch.*

A Hard Philosopher.—Some years ago a sailor named Gerrish, was amusing himself by going across the spring-stay of a schooner lying at the head of Ferry wharf, when his feet slipped from the rope, and, unable to regain his position, or hold by his hands, he called out, "Stand from under, and let go." He found himself sitting upon the hatch, with one leg fractured, but not at all damped in spirits, and upon being taken into a wagon to be conveyed home, he quietly remarked: "This side (the unhurt) came down like a man; the other held back, and see what it got by it." Some of his friends, thinking that a man must die by such a fall, whether he showed evidences of it or not, sent for the parson, who began to tell him of the mysterious ways of Providence. "Ah," said the old tar, "no use to tell me about that; Providence would have had nothing to do with it if my foot hadn't slipped."—*Newburyport Herald.*

Fertility of Genius.—Almost all poets of a first-rate excellence, dramatic poets above all, have been nearly as remarkable for the quantity as the quality of their compositions; nor has the first injuriously affected the second. Witness the seventy dramas of Æschylus, the more than ninety of Euripides, the hundred and thirteen of Sophocles. And if we consider the few years during which Shakspeare wrote, his fruitfulness is not less extraordinary.—The vein has been a large and copious one, and has flowed freely forth, keeping itself free and clear by the very act of its constant ebullition. And the fact is very explicable; it is not so much they that have spoken, as their nation that has spoken by them.—*Trench's Essay on Calderon.*

Anecdote of Fulton.—A gentleman who was acquainted with Fulton, recently told us the following anecdote, which was related to him by Fulton himself:

When Fulton was in England, he had a scheme for applying steam machinery to the purpose of naval warfare; and obtained an audience with Wm. Pitt, then Prime Minister, to communicate it to him, and to any man of science, whom he might choose, in confidence. Soon after his arrival, Pitt, with his friend, entered the room, and received Fulton politely. They seated themselves at the table; and Fulton was invited to explain his plans. When he had got into the application of steam as a propelling agent, Pitt whispered with his friend for a moment. They both immediately rose; and walked away without a word to the visionary inventor. The servant soon made his appearance, waiting for something; perhaps for Fulton's commands, perhaps for him to go.

He went; and it is well known that he went to France, and offered his invention to the Government of that Country. He proposed a plan of transporting the French army across the channel by steam vessels. Bonaparte, who was at that time Consul, referred the proposition to engineers, who reported against it.

Years after, it was recalled to the recollection of Bonaparte. When he was on board the Northumberland, on his way to St. Helena, he saw a smoky vessel, going at a good speed for that time, when there was very little wind. He asked the cause of her speed, and was told that she was propelled by steam. He said nothing further; but we may imagine that he felt like a railway director, when the stock of his concern has just been sold for one mill per share, and he sees an invention in use, which he had long before turned his back upon, and which might have saved him.—*The Inventor.*

A Word-Painting of Wallenstein.—We have a vivid conception of his personal appearance, his tall, gaunt frame enfeebled by the gout, his high intellectual forehead, his nose slightly arched, his swarthy eyebrows knit together, and the pair of small fiery eyes gleaming fiercely beneath them. We are familiar, too, with his field dress—the scarlet mantle, the grey hat with crimson plume, the red trowsers and sash, the riding-coat of elk leather, the Order of the Golden Fleece thrown over it; and when he walked, the Indian cane supporting the emaciated body. Nor do we forget to associate with these personal traits the magnificence in which he lived, surpassing the splendor of many European courts, the train of nobles who felt honored in serving him, his palaces—grand, but gloomy, silent, and jealously guarded—types of their mysterious master.—*Chapman's History of Gustavus Adolphus.*

Sensible and Noble.—When the Roman poet was told by a phlegmatic friend, to mind his own business, and not to meddle in other men's affairs, he made the immortal reply: "I am a man, and whatever relates to my fellow creatures also touches me."

☞ Pretension.—The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Useful Receipts.

To Remove Hair.—A correspondent asked us sometime since, for a depilatory. Here is a very powerful one, called Oriental Rusma:—Mix two ounces of quicklime with half an ounce of orpiment or realgar (sulphuret of arsenic;) boil that mixture in one pound of strong alkaline lye, then try its strength by dipping a feather into it, and when the flue falls off, the rusma is quite strong enough. It is applied to the human skin by a momentary friction, followed by washing with warm water. Such a caustic liquid should be used with great circumspection, beginning with it somewhat diluted. A soap is sometimes made with lard and other ingredients; or soft soap is combined with them; in either case to form a depilatory pomade. The rusma should never be applied but to a small surface at a time, for independently of the risk of corroding the skin, dangerous consequences might ensue from the absorption of the arsenic.

How to Make Tea Properly.—The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this. The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water, then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used; the leaves gradually absorb the water and as gradually sink to the bottom; the result is that the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.—*James Cuthill, Camberwell, London.*

Cutlets of Chicken.—Remove the skin of two or three chickens. Bone all the joints except the wings, unless the fowl is very fleshy, and then remove them also, removing likewise breast-bone; flatten the flesh, and spread over them a seasoning of salt, cayenne, grated nutmeg, and mace, the salt being in the greatest proportion. Coat them with beaten egg and bread crumbs, and fry them a nice brown. Have ready some good brown gravy seasoned and flavored with lemon pickle. Lay the cutlet in the centre of dish, and pour the gravy over them.

To Bake Mackerel.—Open and cleanse thoroughly, wipe very dry, pepper and salt the inside, and put in a stuffing composed of bread-crumbs finely powdered, the roe chopped small, parsley, and sweet herbs, but very few of the latter; work these together with the yolk of an egg, pepper and salt to taste, and sew it in the fish; then place the latter in a deep baking-dish, and dredge it with flour slightly, adding a little cold, fresh butter in small pieces, put the fish into an oven, and twenty-eight or thirty minutes will suffice to cook them. Send them in a hot dish to table, with parsley and butter.

Cold Cream.—Oil of almonds, one pound; white wax, four ounces; melt, pour into a warm mortar, add by degrees, rose water, one pint. It should be light and white. Used as a mild unguent to soften the skin, prevent chaps, &c.

Perfumed Powder for Boxes and Drawers.—Coriander powder, Florentine orris powder, powdered rose leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag-root, of each two ounces; lavender flowers, powdered, four ounces; musk, one scruple; powder of sandal wood, one drachm. Mix.

To Preserve Stair Carpets.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

To Destroy Black Ants.—The Maine Farmer says:—"It may be done thus—clear everything out that will be injured by the fumes of burning sulphur; put some of the sulphur in an iron vessel, and, if you please, a little powdered saltpetre with it; set fire to it; shut the door, and fill the closet or the premises with the fumes. The sulphurous acid thus formed will penetrate into every corner and cranny, and kill the little 'varmints' wherever it can reach them."

Worth Knowing.—In silk embroidery, [illegible] pieces of cotton wool are worked under the [illegible] forms (stuffing) of grapes, buds, roses, and leaves, it raises the work, and gives it a much [illegible] appearance than that equally well executed without it.

...mail steamship Africa, with Liverpool ... the 28th ult., arrived at New York on the ...noon of the 11th inst. She left Liverpool at ...lock, P. M., on the 28th ult., passed the Niagara ...he 29th ult., and the Arabia on the 1st instant. ...steamship Lebanon, Captain Cock, which sailed ...Havre on the 28th, (the same day the Africa ...Liverpool,) arrived at New York on the 12th ...nst.

...e steamer Washington was telegraphed as hav... reached Southampton on the morning of Satur...

...e papers contain two letters from Lord Claren... addressed to Mr. Dallas—one on the Enlist... question, and the other in relation to Central ...rica. Lord Clarendon expresses satisfaction ...Mr. Dallas had been instructed to negotiate the ...ral American question, and states that he is pre... to enter into a negotiation, which, he trusts, ...be conducted in a spirit of cordiality and frank..., which is dictated by the true interests of Great ...in and the United States.

...e correspondence between Denmark, Great ...in, and the United States, in relation to the ...d Dues, has been presented to Parliament.

...other battalion of riflemen has been ordered to ...da.

...merican matters—or, rather, manners—have ...been in everybody's mouth. The exciting ...was a contretemps that happened at the Queen's ... Divested of the outrageous exaggerations of ...London Times, the facts are simply these, that ...Dallas, accompanied by a friend went to the ...n's levee; by accident, his friend's costume ...not in accordance with the requirements of ...etts, and after a most courteous parley with ...master of ceremonies, Sir Edward Cust, con...ed with the utmost good feeling, Mr. Dallas and ...d returned to the embassy in Harley street, ...Dallas preferring not to allow his friend to re...ascent.

...t of this trifling incident, the London Times ...ected a story at variance with truth in every ...cular, and made it the occasion of an outpour... of vulgar abuse of America, and Americans gene.... For at least two days Mr. Dallas labored un... the imputation of having put a studied affront ...n the Queen. Of course, an immense deal of ...iotic wrath was unnecessarily wasted on his ...

...e London Times, in a leading article, says:— ...will the Americans learn manners? Who ...teach our transatlantic cousins how to behave? ...is one of them who tried on Wednesday, in de...ce even of an etiquette modified to suit his coun...men, to parade his republican person before the ...n at her levee in a frock-coat, black neckcloth ...yellow waistcoat. The thing itself was trivial, the object unmistakable. He wished to have it ...that he had compelled the Queen to forego the ...es of her Court in his especial behoof. He tried ...ccomplish this national feat under the wing of ...Dallas, who, when appealed to, supported his ...ntrymen, and left the palace in a pet. Well, ...all, we suppose Her Majesty will continue to ...levees in spite of Mr. Dallas' displeasure. It ...rarely worth while to confute the absurd pre...on of people who, with the most irritable ...iness as regards themselves, combine the ...est disregard of all decorum to others. The ...n of England says to her subjects and strangers ...visit her in her own house, 'I am happy to see ...all, on State occasions; but if you come, you ...find me gorgeously arrayed to do you honor. ...rn the compliment then, and come in your ...' She tells her guests, in fact, as a hundred ...s and gentlemen in this country are in the habit ...lling their friends, 'this is a full dress party,' ...by implying that all who do not choose to ob... the rule had better stay away. What should ...think of a fellow in private life, who, after se...ing an invitation to a set dinner, at which every... else were full dress, presented himself in a ...ing jacket and shepherd's plaid trowsers?"

...e truth, however, coming out in a couple of ..., the Times was compelled to back down into ...following statement:

We are requested to state that the American ...man to whom admission was refused in her ...ty's levee on Wednesday last, is a Professor in ...Military Academy at West Point, and that he ...e on that occasion his official costume, a blue ...coat with buttons of the Engineer corps, blue ...aloons, white waistcoat, black stock, and a ...ton hat.

...was objected to on the part of the master of the ...monies that in this attire, wearing a black stock, ...no sword and no dress hat, he could not pass ...Queen. The objection was made in a manner ...edingly kind and courteous, but the rule was ...ge, and there was no discretion to relax it. In ...position, Mr. Dallas, who was about to present ...other gentlemen, in company with the Professor ...ed to, after having several times urged the ...al character of the dress objected to, feeling ...at the position in which his countryman was ...d, among entire strangers, and in a place to ...h he was entirely unaccustomed, offered to re... home with him, in which suggestion his com...ons joined. Under these circumstances, the ...rican Minister left the Palace with the gentle... whom he was about to present.

...should be said that the tone of the other lead...ournals on this topic was, so far as we know, ...ctly unobjectionable. The London News ...ed at the Court, and not at the Ambassador. ...London Star denounces the Times roundly, in ...following terms:—

There is one occupation, at all events, to which ...some press of this country has not lent itself, ...for the simple reason that if it had done so, it ...d have paved the way for its own destruction. ...occupation we allude to is the propagation of ...hood. On Friday it was our disagreeable duty ...ow how the Times had, in the most daring and ...rupulous fashion, represented a very trifling ...r at the Queen's levee to have been an Ameri...nsult, perpetrated upon the Court and the peo... of England. There was a false statement about ...ess in which an American gentleman appear... a false statement about the feelings with which ...was actuated, and a false statement about the ...ence at the palace. The Times knows that ...ormation was false, but the Times will make ...admission. It will not dare to repeat its state...—it has not the candor to rectify them. The ...stands before the whole nation convicted of ...falsehood and of coarse slander, yet not one ...of repentance or apology will escape its lips." ...insinuations encouraging pillage and assassina... were circulating throughout Italy, and much ...prevailed.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

...Canadian arrived on the 10th inst. at Quebec ...Liverpool dates to the 2nd inst. The Niagara arrived ...out on the 29th ult.

...news is unimportant. Mr. Moore had moved in the ...of Commons that the conduct of the Government on ...istment Question had not entitled them to the appro... of the House.

...al members appealed to Mr. Moore to postpone his ..., but he refused and the debate proceeded.

...Attorney General defended the Government. He said ...xplanation from the United States were not such as might ...been expected from a nation anxious to preserve friend... relations with England.

...Thesiger said that the British Agents had equally ...the laws of the United States, and the laws of na...

...Baillie declared that England was dishonored by at...s to enlist citizens of the United States from their alle....

...Walsh said that the government, by not dismissing ...Dallas, had confessed that they had done wrong.

...Milner Gibson said that the Earl of Clarendon's conduct ...ealing towards the United States, and that the Go...ment and the American people should understand that ...ritish people did not support the Minister therein.

...Cobden contended that the most blameable feature ...the concealment observed towards the American Go...ent, for which the Earl of Clarendon and Mr. Crampton ...were equally to blame.

...r members spoke in a similar strain.

...George Grey, and Mr. Phillimore, Solicitor General, and ...defended the Government.

...debate was continued for two days, when the House ...ed and the Government was sustained by a majority of ...

...ercial Intelligence.—Liverpool, July 2.—The Cot...market has been firm, with an advancing tendency. ...has improved 1-16a⅛, with sales for the three days ...00 bales, including 3,000 on speculation, and 4,000 for ...

...Manchester markets were firm, with an advancing ten...

...weather has been very favorable for agricultural pur...

...ols for account 95⅛a95⅜.

...adstuffs—Sales of Northern red wheat at 9s 6da10s 6d; ...white, 10sa11s.

...—The quotations are, Western Canal 30s; Phila... 30s; Straight Baltimore, 31s 6da32s 6d; Good ...

...—The sales of all kinds average 30s 6d.

...sions—Sales of pork at auction have been effected at ...d is very firm and scarce—small sales made at 60s. ...—Common rosin unchanged in price, with a ...

...counts in France were unusually promising, and all ...[illegible]

The following letter from the Democratic nominee for the Vice Presidency has been received by the Committee appointed to give him formal notice of his nomination.

Lexington, (Ky.,) June 28, 1856.

Gentlemen:—I have received your letter of the 13th inst., giving me official information of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention, for the office of Vice President of the United States. I feel profoundly grateful to the Democracy for this distinction, so far above my merits and expectations, and accept the nomination, with the pledge that, if it should result in imposing on me any public duties, I shall exert whatever power I possess to discharge them with fidelity.

The Convention wisely selected for the first place in the government an eminent statesman, whose character and public services furnish a guarantee that his administration will command confidence at home and respect abroad.

The platform adopted by the Convention has my cordial approval. I regard it as the only basis on which the Union can be preserved in its original spirit. Adopted, as it was, by the unanimous votes of the delegates from all the States, it shows that, amidst the distractions of the times, there remains one united and powerful organization, whose common principles extend over every foot of territory covered by the Federal Constitution. After the recent repeated and deplorable failures of other parties to present to the country a national organization, we may justly congratulate the States upon the unanimity which marked the proceedings of the Democratic Convention, and the patriot may point to the fact, as a pledge of constitutional union, that the delegates from Maine and Texas, from South Carolina and California, were as thoroughly united upon every question of principle as those from the neighboring Southern States of Tennessee and Kentucky, or those from the neighboring Northern States of Wisconsin and Michigan.

This community of sentiment, this feeling of brotherhood, gives hopes of perpetual union. It has been the happy fortune of the Democratic party, by adhering to the Constitution, which was made to protect us all, to avoid the geographical and sectional issues against which Washington solemnly warned his countrymen; and we have every reason to believe that it is not less equal to the high duty which now devolves on it of preserving the Constitution, and maintaining the rights of every portion of the Confederacy. If the unsound elements which troubled it for a time, have sought congenial associations elsewhere, the loss has been more than supplied by accessions from the flower of the old Whig party; and, thus reinforced, it will be the destiny of the Democracy, under the lead of their distinguished chief, to maintain the high position of our country before the world, to preserve the equality of every class of citizens, to protect the perfect liberty of conscience, and to secure the peace of the Union, by rendering equal justice to every part.

With sincere acknowledgements for the friendly personal sentiments contained in your letter, I am, respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,

John C. Breckenridge.

Messrs. Ward, Richardson, Hibbard, Lawrence, Brown, Manning, Forsyth, Tucker, Seymour, and Preston.

A Voice from the South.

The Minden (Louisiana) Herald thus speaks of the Brooks' outrage upon Senator Sumner:

"Our opinion is, that Brooks disgraced himself and brought the whole slavery cause into more disrepute than ever, and should be summarily expelled from the House. It was a stretched chivalry on his part for which no valid excuse can be offered. Sumner's offence against Butler did not deserve any physical castigation, but on the contrary, was, in our estimation, taking all circumstances, past and present, into account, perfectly proper, because justly merited. We have no sympathy with the slavery agitators on either side—we have a supreme contempt for southern fire-eaters and ice-rending northern fanatics; but we do think that if ever a man might be excused for becoming desperate in the halls of legislation, that man is Sumner.

"We have read the debates in Congress for many years past, minutely and impartially, and never have we known any man so foully and unceasingly abused and vilified as this same Sumner. Every dog of southern agitation, from 'Boss' Douglas down to the smallest and most mangy cur that whines and snarls in the unprincipled, suck-egg train, has been barking at his heels; but the fact has not been successfully hit, that their spite arises more from a knowledge of his cool superiority of talent, than any real difference of opinion. Douglas—than whom, in our humble opinion, a more unprincipled and reckless agitator never disgraced the Senate chamber—has from time to time hurled at Sumner all his native and well cultivated slang; and then 'Og, the King of Bashan,'—Gen. Cass, the old, broken down President seeker and inconsistent Free Soiler—has never failed to chime in with his more solid invective; and the chorus has been filled to every 'bout and bar' with the yelpings of the little woolly headed poodles from the South—men who have no more principle, and but little more brain, than the African slaves in behalf of whose chains they so unjudiciously rave and rant. And finally, under the influence of all this, Sumner becomes somewhat desperate, and hurls at his conglomerated assailants some thunder-bolts, which send them howling in hurried confusion; and then, as a last resort of revenge, one of the manly number slips up to him in the Senate chamber, finds him seated at his desk writing, unarmed, and with great gusto, canes him! Wonderful feat! And is this the way Southern Rights are to be vindicated? Are these the kind of champions the South must look to for her defence in the national Halls of legislation? Is it by such acts of slavish degradation as this, that the slavery of the Southern States of this free and enlightened Union is to be perpetuated? Gentlemen may think so, and may rave at any man who has the independence to condemn such conduct—particularly if he be a Southerner; but we tell them that the citizens of this Republic are not to be convinced as to what is right and what is wrong by blows, and are not to be brought to a final decision by brute force."

Gov. Winston, of Alabama, has returned the resolutions relating to Kansas, passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, "with a request that the future resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on Federal affairs and the subject of slavery, be no more forwarded to this Department." He says:—

"The obligations of the Constitution and the laws of the United States, passed in conformity thereto, being disregarded and nullified by Massachusetts, we desire no further intercourse with your State; and wish to be free, in future, from insult from a State whose citizens do not recognize accountability for insult and libellous imputations upon the character of Southern States and the citizens thereof."

Loss of the Ship Ocean Queen.—The N. Y. Herald says there is no doubt that the clipper ship Ocean Queen, Capt. W. B. Smith, of the London and New York line, has been lost, and one hundred and twenty-three persons have perished. She sailed from London on the 8th of February last, with a miscellaneous cargo, ninety passengers, and a crew of thirty-three persons. On the 15th of February, she was spoken off the Isle of Wight, and since that time nothing has been heard of her.

Mr. Brooks Again.—It is understood that after Mr. Woodruff had concluded his remarks in the House, on the evening of July 12th, Mr. Brooks informed him, through Mr. Savage, that he took exceptions to them, and intimated a meeting. Mr. Woodruff declined, on the ground that it was contrary to his religious views, and a violation of the laws of the land.

The Longueuil Catastrophe.—The coroner's jury on the bodies of persons killed by the explosion of the steam ferry-boat at Longueuil, Canada, in a verdict strongly condemnatory of the entire management of the boat, have awarded a fine of $10,000 against the Grand Trunk Railway Company. They had also determined to render a verdict of manslaughter against Ethell and Shand, but at the suggestion of the Queen's counsel, in reference to a legal difficulty, abandoned their intention.

Recovery of a Portion of the Lost Cable.—The vessel sent out by the New York, New Foundland, and London Telegraph Company, for the purpose of endeavoring to recover the Submarine Telegraph cable, lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, returned to Sydney, C. B., on July 8th, having succeeded in recovering, in good order, a large portion of the cable. She will proceed immediately with it to New York.

The Sumner Assault.—Mr. Wm. Y. Leader prints a letter stating, that the assertion that he caused the arrest of Mr. Brooks, for the assault on Mr. Sumner, is incorrect. He declares that he appeared only as witness, in obedience to the summons of the legal authorities, and had no part whatever in the prosecution.

Departure of Bayard Taylor.—Among the passengers who sailed for Europe in the Asia, was Mr. Bayard Taylor, who goes to spend two or three years in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, these being the only parts of that continent which this distinguished traveller had not yet visited. Mr. Taylor contemplates returning home by the route across Northern Asia, Siberia, and Mantchouria, to the mouth of the river Amour, whence he will take ship for Oregon or California.

☞ A Yankee, when asked by a Russian the boundary of his country, said: "That it was bounded on the North by the Aurora Borealis, and on the South by the Day of Judgment."

...Mr. Herbert, charged with the murder of Mr. Keating, was formally commenced on the morning of July 10th, the whole preceding day having been occupied in selecting a jury from about ninety who were summoned. The testimony for the prosecution was closed at the adjournment of the Court, though the counsel for the defence unsuccessfully insisted that it was the duty of the Government to have present all who witnessed the killing of Keating.

The evidence was substantially the same as elicited before the Examining Justices.

The immediate friends of the deceased have employed counsel to assist the District Attorney. The prisoner was seated in the dock and occasionally cheered by conversation with his friends. A dense crowd filled the Court throughout the day.

The trial continued to the 12th, when the case was given to the jury. The court met in extraordinary session on the 13th to receive the verdict, but adjourned to the ensuing day without receiving it. There was some difference among the jurymen, relative to a point of fact, besides which, one of them is sufficiently sick to require the attendance of a physician. On Herbert's return to jail, he was visited by several confidential friends. The general impression at Washington is that he will be acquitted.

Murder.—Mr. Samuel Mangan, a young man stabbed by a ruffian while in the company of a female on the evening of July 4th, here in Philadelphia, died at the hospital on July 9th. The lady he was with at the time of his injury, was his betrothed, and it was in remonstrating with the wretch for insulting her, that he received his death-wound. Her attention to him while in the hospital was unremitting. When in a dying condition, Mangan wished to be married to her, but before the ceremony could be performed, he fainted away. The murderer is under arrest.

Attempted Outrage Upon Gov. Wise.—Hugh R. Pleasants, formerly editor of the "Penny Post," of Richmond, entered the Executive Chamber in the Capital, on July 7th, in a state of intoxication, and insulted Gov. Wise, and when ordered to leave, attempted to strike him. Gov. Wise struck Pleasants in the eye, and kicked him out of the room.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

We are happy to announce to our readers that Dr. Wesley Grindle, of New York, so justly renowned for his unprecedented success in the treatment of Pulmonary Diseases, has, by the earnest solicitation of the people of this community established a house in Philadelphia, No. 70 South Third St. His house in New York is No. 54 White street. The business here is conducted by his brother and partner, Josiah S. Grindle.

His remedy, from what we have seen and heard, seems to be a remarkable cure for that hitherto *terrible foe to human happiness and life*, Pulmonary Consumption! Hundreds have actually been permanently cured, who were pronounced incurable by the most skillful physicians and given up to die. It is, no doubt, a fact, and statistics are being collected to prove the assertion, that in towns where Dr. Grindle's medicine has been and is being used, the mortality from this disease has greatly diminished! *And in exact proportion to the sale of the medicine*, there has been an astonishing decrease in the number of deaths from Consumption.

This, then, is no quack nostrum, but a great remedy! And we cannot too earnestly recommend it for the cure of all pulmonary complaints and do candidly advise the afflicted to obtain it at once. Dr. Grindle has persevered until, at last, we verily believe he has found the very remedy that was designed by Providence for this disease. Reader! do not allow your friends to fall into an early grave, when you have the means within your reach to snatch them from that frightful doom.

For the gratification of our readers we quote the Doctor's following prices:—One box $3; three boxes, ordered at one time, $8; half dozen $14; one dozen or any number greater $2 a box. The postage in the United States, not over 3,000 miles, is fifteen cents a box; over 3,000 miles fifty cents a box. In all cases where the postage must be prepaid, the amount should be enclosed in money or stamps. We are authorized to say, that all orders addressed to Dr. W. Grindle & Bro., Philadelphia or New York, will receive prompt attention.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN, MOON, &c.—On the 28th day of September there will be an annular eclipse of the sun, though invisible here. On the 13th of October, a partial eclipse of the moon will be visible in the evening, and on the 4th of November a total eclipse of certain political luminaries will occur, visible all over the United States. *Ad interim*, the magnificent clothing establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 300 Chestnut Street will continue to eclipse all competitors.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A SINGLE BOTTLE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

Signed D. LAUDERDALE.
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist., So. Ca.

JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. my17-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known, the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jel-tf

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTION.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Inspectors for the County Prison, the following resolutions were passed. Mr. Rand's place of business is at 82 North Sixth street above Arch. His assortment of furnaces, ranges, and ventilators is unrivalled in this city. The annexed compliment is a deserved one:

Philadelphia County Prison, June 12th, 1856.

To A. W. Rand.—Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors of the Philadelphia County Prison, held June 9th, 1856, the following preamble was adopted and resolutions unanimously agreed to:—

Whereas, for the first time since the erection of this Prison it has been comfortably heated during the past winter, by the Boynton Patent Heaters, introduced by A. W. Rand. And whereas, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather, a saving of over *one hundred and fifty tons of coal*, (or twenty per cent.) has been effected by their use; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it a duty to the inventor and proprietor of the Boynton Heater thus to express our high satisfaction of its performances, and that we can confidently recommend its introduction into other public institutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Prison be requested to hand a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, to Mr. Rand. J. Keeslar, Jr., President.

Attest—Joseph E. Rowan, Clerk. july12-2t

A Beautiful Complexion may easily be acquired by the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*" It will remove tan, pimples and *freckles* from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

Fetridge & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. Peterson's, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb9-eowtm

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although these Pills were prepared especially for the purpose of curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This medicine is a scientific remedy for Dyspepsia in all its forms. When taken according to directions, it gives immediate relief, and in most cases effects a permanent cure.

A FRIEND AT A PINCH.—To all afflicted with colds in the head, deafness, sore eyes, pains in the head, such is Durno's Catarrh Snuff. Its effects in producing a cure, are immediate and magical.

THE DISPERSION OF THE FREE STATE LEGISLATURE OF KANSAS is creating a great excitement. Col. Sumner told Judge Schuyler he would drive out the delegates at the point of the bayonet. "Then you will tear our clothes!" responded the Judge. "Never mind," said Col. Sumner, "you can get better ones at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia." Judge Schuyler "knocked under," and left the Hall then.

ABBOTT & LAWRENCE,
LIBERTY STOVE WORKS,
AND
HOLLOWARE FOUNDRY,
BROWN STREET ABOVE FOURTH,
july19-6m PHILADELPHIA.

NOW READY,
THE NEWSPAPER RECORD,
A collection of newspaper facts and statistics, containing
A COMPLETE LIST OF NEWSPAPERS

In the United States, Canadas and Great Britain, the *only* reliable work of the kind in the world. An invaluable assistant to the Editor, Book Publisher, and General Advertiser. Beautifully printed on fine white paper, octavo size, 200 pps. On receipt of $2 it will be sent, per mail, to any part of the country.

LAY & BROTHER, Publishers,
july19-3t No. 66 Dock street, Philadelphia.

A FASCINATING BOOK!!—Just Out! "THE HOMELESS HEIR; or, Life in Bedford Street." A Mystery of Philadelphia, by John the Outcast. Awful Revelations of Life in the Quaker City! Startling History of one of its Wealthiest Families! Price only 12½ cts.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell this wonderfully attractive and singularly interesting book. Terms very reasonable. 2,000 copies sold in a few days in a small territory. Published by J. H. C. WHITING,
11 S. E. corner Fifth and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co., 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—Seventy-five cents a line for the first insertion, Sixty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, at the residence of C. E. Stone, Esq. by Elder Shinn, of Omaha city, Dr. Richardson, to Miss Rebecca F. McFadden, both of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. John M. Hall, to Miss Angeline Swearer, both of Montgomery county.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. William Belford, to Miss Margaret J. Arthur, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. J. L. Watson, of New York, to Mrs. Mary Rapp, of Philadelphia.

In Manayunk, on the 26th of June, by the Rev. Wm. Fulton, Mr. Charles Miller, of Roxborough, to Miss Mary A. Thompson, of Manayunk.

In Roxborough, Philadelphia, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. Thomas Ashby, to Miss Mary Taylor, both of Roxborough.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. William H. Miller, to Miss Elizabeth A. Davis, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. Carlisle, Mr. Jacob Pondersmith, to Miss Elizabeth Michener, both of Downingtown, Chester county, Pa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Mr. Samuel N. Myers, formerly of Delaware county, to Lizzie F. Canall, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Peter K. Tyler, of Wayne county, Pa. to Mrs. Rebecca A. Sparks, late of Wilmington, Del.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Amos S. Reeder, to Miss Letitia A. Dobbins, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th of Jan. by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. Edwin J. Loag, to Kate Bouvier, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by Alderman George C. Geyer, Mr. Daniel M. Carteth, to Miss Margaret A. Miller, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Mr. William Davis, of Montgomery county, to Miss Lydia A. Pierce, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. John B. Brown, to Miss Sarah J. Boughton, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. McKim Duncan, Mr. J. M. R. De Bevoise, to Miss Maggie Gibson, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. P. Stanton, Mr. Arthur McHugh, to Miss Sarah McHugh, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. David Worth, to Miss Rosanna Platt, both of Warwick Township, Chester county.

At Sacramento, Cal. on the 22 ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Baker, Washington Meeks, Esq of New York city, to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of the late Thomas G. Boyd, of Philadelphia.

On the 26 of Feb by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Randolph W. B. Gee, to Miss Margaret Craig, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Long, Mr. Thomas G. Massey, to Miss Elizabeth Jones, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 4th of July, at the residence of her son-in-law, S. Wurmser, at Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, Mrs. Margaretta Brennan, relict of the late Mathew Brennan, Esq. a native of New York, and formerly a resident of Philadelphia. New York papers please copy.

On the morning of the 4th instant, Mary H. wife of Wm. McGonegal, and only daughter of Wm. S. and Mary A. Magee, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 9th instant, Capt. John Pascal, aged 73 years.

On the 9th instant, William Stewart, aged 64 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Anna C. St. Jean.

On the 9th instant, Kate, daughter of G. Unke and Margaret Allen, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 7th instant, Margaretta Hutchison, wife of James Farren, aged 21 years.

On the 8th instant, John Taylor, aged 16 years.

On the 9th instant, Ann Wiley, aged 66 years.

On the 9th instant, Harry Clay, son of Geo. and Anna M. Epse, aged 5 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. James Gibson, aged 65 years.

On the 9th instant, Susannah, wife of John Leathermen, aged 47 years.

On the 9th instant, Ella Irene, daughter of Jas. and Jane Slater, aged 2 years.

At Marcus Hook, on the 8th instant, Margaretta Justice, wife of John Gray.

On the 9th instant, William Cook, aged 41 years.

On the 8th instant, Susannah, wife of Frederick R. Backus, aged 53 years.

On the 9th instant, Samuel M. Mangan, aged 21 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. George W. Jones, aged 37 years.

On the 8th instant, Susanna B. Kelly, aged 13 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. Benj. Jackson, aged 71 years.

On the 8th instant, Frederick B. son of Geo. K. and Elizabeth C. Ziegler, aged 2 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. David Wall, Printer, aged 44 years.

On the 7th instant, Marietta, daughter of Wm. H. and Leanna Crossman, aged 7 years.

On the 7th instant, Mary A. S. Allen, aged 40 years.

On the 6th instant, George W. Norris, son of Dr. J. B. and Sarah G. Harned, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 6th instant, Jacob, son of Jas. and Anna M. Foote, aged 22 months.

On the 6th instant, Mr. James McElhenny, aged 46 years.

On the 6th instant, John and Robert, son of Alfred and Rebecca Robinson, aged 14 and 16 years.

On the 6th instant, Mary Anna, wife of Thomas Cooch, of Pottsville, Pa. aged 40 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Jane, wife of John Ritely, aged 30 years.

On the 8th instant, Mary Amelia, daughter of John F. and Mary E. Goll.

On the 8th instant, Elizabeth Hardy, aged 5 years.

On the 6th instant, Unity, wife of Edward Dougherty, aged 41 years.

On the 3d instant, Matthew Vandusen, Sr. aged 69 years.

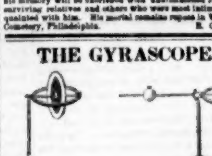
On the 6th instant, Sarah Cope, aged 33 years.

On the 5th instant, Josephine, daughter of Joseph R. and Margaret F. Graves, aged 16 months.

OBITUARY

On the morning of Saturday, 21st ultimo, Charles W. Hudson, late a member of the Philadelphia Typographical Society, departed this life after a painful illness of several months duration, which he bore with manly fortitude. The deceased was an honest and worthy man, and highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances for his noble qualities of mind and heart. As a friend, he was steadfast and sincere; as a citizen, upright; as a brother, unchangeable in his attachment; as a son, dutiful, affectionate and kind. He has gone to the grave in life's meridian; yet his memory will be cherished with undiminished regard by surviving relatives and others who were most intimately acquainted with him. His mortal remains repose in Woodland Cemetery, Philadelphia. R. O'N. P.

THE GYRASCOPE.



906, 907. 908.

No. 906.	Gyrascope, with Lead Rim to wheel,	$2,50
" 907.	" all Brass,	3,00
" 908.	" " " with arm and balance,	4,00
" 909.	" with Brass sphere in place of wheel.	3,50

The Gyrascope, or Mechanical Paradox, is an instrument of very simple construction, beautifully illustrating various interesting movements of centrifugal force.

A wheel about four inches in diameter is attached to an axis about four inches long, the ends of the axis being supported in a circular band, on which, in a line with the axis, is a cap to rest on an upright point.

Rapid motion is given to the wheel by winding a cord around the axis, and suddenly pulling it off; the cap is then set on the point, and the instrument will revolve around the centre, sustaining itself at any angle at which it may be placed, and remaining thus, until overcome by gravity. Suspended by a string, it will act as well as when supported on the point.

The Gyrascope with balance, (No. 908) will revolve in one direction if underbalanced, in the opposite direction if overbalanced, and remain stationary when balanced.

The instrument is packed in a small box, and can be sent by Express to any part of the United States. Cash must accompany the order.

McALLISTER & BROTHER, Opticians,
194 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

Our Priced and Illustrated Catalogue of Optical, Mathematical, and Philosophical Instruments, (84 pages 150 illustrations) furnished gratis, and sent by mail, free of charge. 1t

IF YOU ARE BALD, and wish a good head of Hair, Eyebrows, Mustache or Whiskers, grow quickly, or to change white or gray hair to its original color, or to a light brown or black, inclose 6¼ cents to Prof. BIRDSALL, New York Post Office, and receive his valuable BOOK, containing full instructions to accomplish these objects. july16-6t

ERRORS IN SPEAKING AND WRITING CORRECTED.—A Book which points out the current improprieties in speaking and Writing. Also adding plain directions for correcting them. No one using the English language should remain a single day without possessing a copy of this Book. (Free by mail, 15 cents.)

A. DOWLING,
11 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

ARE YOU GETTING BALD!—Do you wish your hair to be soft and silky? Mothers! shall your children have good heads of hair? Use Bogle's celebrated Hyperion Fluid. Should the color be unpleasing, Bogle's Electric Hair Dye will magically change it to a black or brown of the most natural description. For the complexion, Bogle's Balm of Cytherea is unrivalled. These articles are warranted the best in the world. Sold by the proprietor, W. BOGLE, Boston, and Agents throughout the world. july19-3m

LIVES OF BUCHANAN and FREMONT,
THE
CHAMPIONS OF DEMOCRACY AND REPUBLICANISM.

20,000 Agents wanted to sell in every town in the United States.

I.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
JAMES BUCHANAN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Late Minister to England, and formerly Minister to Russia, Senator and Representative in Congress, and Secretary of State,
INCLUDING THE MOST IMPORTANT OF HIS STATE PAPERS.
BY R. G. HORTON.

The above book has been written by a gentleman well qualified by his literary attainments, and his long connection with the Democratic press. He was furnished personally by the distinguished subject of the memoir with many of the dates and facts of his early life, and from authorized friends of Mr. Buchanan has been supplied with material inaccessible to other parties. The proofsheets have been submitted to authorized parties. It can therefore be called without reserve

AN AUTHENTIC AND AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY.

The book makes a handsome 12mo. volume of over 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth, and is embellished with an accurate Portrait on Steel, from an Ambrotype by Brady, engraved by Buttre. Price $1.

II.

THE ONLY COMPLETE AND AUTHORIZED EDITION OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF
JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.
WITH AN ACCURATE PORTRAIT ON STEEL.
One neat 12mo. Price $1.

The subscribers assure the public that this volume, prepared by an eminent literary gentleman, whose resources for the material and authorities are direct, will be the only complete biography of the eminent

EXPLORER, SCHOLAR, STATESMAN AND HERO,

whose recent nomination by the Republican party, for the highest office in the gift of the people, has awakened a renewed interest in his wonderful career. Much material heretofore unaccessible to the general reader, including incidents of his early career, will be incorporated in this volume.

For further particulars apply to
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
No. 119 Nassau Street, New York.
Copies of either sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

PASCHALL'S
FEVER AND AGUE MIXTURE
Is an Effectual Preventive and Cure for Chills and Fever and other Miasmatic Diseases.

ITS INGREDIENTS ARE MILD AND EXCLUSIVELY VEGETABLE, and having no tendency to shock the nervous system or produce unpleasant feelings in the head. As a tonic it is gentle, powerful and durable. Its stimulating properties are so slight as to produce no injury when taken in health, and its continued use does not destroy its usefulness as happens with most medicines.

The following letter from one who is well known in the literary world, and to the readers of the "Post" is one among many received:

British Consulate, Norfolk, Va., Feb. 16, 1856.

My Dear Sir:—You tell me not to give any testimony in regard to the efficacy of the remedy of Paschall, unless I do so willingly. I not only do so willingly, but gladly, for I think it may be of great service to the public to have it generally known.

I have had no attack of fever myself for several years: but I have recommended the remedy in many instances to friends who were suffering from Ague they could not throw off, and *I have never known it to fail in effecting a cure. In many instances a very few doses have produced that result.*

You are perfectly at liberty to make use of this letter, and, from my knowledge of your integrity and uprightness of character, I am sure that all you do publish will be equally truthful and sincere with that of

Yours faithfully, G. P. R. James.

To Mr. Edward S. Morris, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

For sale by Druggists and country merchants generally throughout the United States, and by

EDWARD S. MORRIS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,
july19-tf 256 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

$2,000 A YEAR.—A RAPID FORTUNE made in an easy and honorable way, secured by copyright. Particulars sent on receipt of one postage stamp. Address C. H. BAIN & CO.,
july19-3t New York Post Office.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell 4 New Inventions, which are in great demand in every city, town, and village. My agents have made over $14,000 themselves, gross, selling one of them patented July 3, 1855. Full descriptions, prices, &c., given gratis. Put in 4 cents for postage and address EPHRAIM BROWN,
july12-6t Lowell, Mass.

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES,
JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE
WILL BE FOUND AT
JACOB LADOMUS, 413½ MARKET St., Phila.

Where all goods are warranted to be as represented, and entire satisfaction guaranteed to purchasers. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, &c., Repaired in the best style. july5-3m

JUST RECEIVED—A LARGE STOCK of Gold and Silver English Lever and Swiss Watches, Silver and Plated-Ware, Jewelry, &c., at greatly reduced prices, No. 216 Market Street, South side above Sixth. WM. DAYLY & SON.
my3-3m

EMPLOYMENT!!!—YOUNG MEN do you wish to make your Fortune?—Our Agents are making $30 to $50 per week. Particulars will be furnished *free of charge* to those who enclose Postage Stamps and address Metropolitan Agency Office, Haverhill, Mass. my10-13t

$100 A MONTH.—Agents are making this amount by selling our new book, "THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN WAR," &c. We send a specimen copy, with full particulars of agency, on receipt of the price, $1,25.
J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
mh15-tf 48 North 4th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE."—The Original, for which 15 medals and diplomas have been given—and 80,000 applications made of it to the heads of his patrons. It Dyes the hair true to nature in one minute, without staining the skin or injuring the hair; and corrects the bad effects of all other dyes. Made, sold and applied (in 9 private rooms) at the Wig and Toupee Factory of BATCHELOR, 233 Broadway, New York, and sold by respectable Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers everywhere.
my3-3m

R. DOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated Gossamer Ventilating Wig and Elastic Band Toupees. Instructions to enable ladies and gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
2. From forehead over the head to neck.	2. Over forehead as far as required.
3. From ear to ear over the top.	3. Over the crown of the head.
4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. oct6-eowly

TO
WATCH MAKERS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS

Keep, of their own importation, a full assortment of ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES, JEWELRY TOOLS, GLASSES and MATERIALS, which will be furnished to the trade at the lowest wholesale rates. Most of the above goods can be sent safely by mail, and will be forwarded in that, or any other way, on receipt of the cash, or reliable references.

FARR & THOMPSON, Importers,
"Eagle Building," 120 Chestnut Street,
dec29-eowly below Fourth, Philadelphia.

HEATH HOUSE,
SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, N. J.

THE above popular and well known Establishment will be opened by the first of June, for the reception of visitors. Persons desirous of obtaining rooms, can do so by addressing a line to the proprietor, D. A. CROWELL.
ap26-3m

EVERY READER
WILL PLEASE TO READ THIS.

WORK FOR ALL AND WORK WHICH PAYS, IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our list of books comprises the most saleable PICTORIAL PUBLICATIONS; and we employ more canvassers than any other house.
Address, post-paid,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
jan5-tf 181 William St., N. Y.

THE NATIONAL SAFETY SAVING FUND—WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, now has more than ONE MILLION of dollars safely invested for the benefit of Depositors. Interest *Five Per Cent.* The office is open every day, and the money is always paid back in GOLD. feb5-3m

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A SALARY OF $100 PER MONTH! A capital of $6 only required. Full particulars given, free, to all who enclose a postage stamp, or a three cent piece, and address
my31-3m A. S. MARTYN, Plaistow, N. H.

DAVID B. BIRNEY, Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, except New Jersey, No. 50 Market Street, Philadelphia. Particular attention paid to taking testimony to be used in other States. Affidavits, Acknowledgments, Claims, &c., carefully attended to. Notices can be given to take Depositions at his Office, and in his absence the matter will be attended to. nov10-ly

A LADY who has been cured of great Nervous Debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, MRS. MARY E. DEWITT Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. jel4-3m

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is devoted to the science of human nature. It aims to teach man his powers, duties, and relations; how to make the most of himself, and thus secure the highest mental and physical well-being.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY, or how to read character, Self Improvement, Home Education, Government, Selection of Pursuits, choice of Apprentices, Clerks Partners in Business or Companions for Life will be clearly set forth. Biography, with Portraits, Mechanism, Agriculture and Horticulture, with Engravings, will make the Journal an interesting and valuable family guide and companion to all readers.

Published monthly, in form for binding, at $1,00 a year; Five Copies, $4,00; Ten Copies, $7,00; Twenty Copies, $10,00. Now is the time to subscribe. Please address

FOWLER AND WELLS,
july5-4t 308 Broadway, New York.

THE AUBIN PORTABLE GAS WORKS COMPANY offer their apparatus as more simple in construction and operation than any other known for Factories, Private-dwellings, Hotels or Villages. From the peculiar construction of the generator it can be operated and cleaned *without disturbing any joints* and cannot explode. It can therefore be managed by a house-servant, and will work if required *night and day*. The economy is unequalled, the cost of gas being less than ½ of a cent per hour per each 5 foot burners.* GOLD MEDAL awarded at the late exhibition of the *American Institute, N. Y.* For information as to Works or the patent right to vend the same, apply at the Office of the Company No. 398 Broadway, New York.

H. Q. HAWLEY, President.
N. AUBIN, Secretary.
* Price of apparatus from $150 upward. je28-tf

N. R. GARDINER,
OF PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND,

Will send to any one, for one dollar in *gold*, a recipe for making honey as good as that *made by bees*, *and which does not cost over six cents per pound.* july5-3t

BROOM MACHINES. For drawings and particulars address, with stamp,
KIRTLAND & SMITH,
je21-3t Poland, O.

"REYNOLDS'S POLITICAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES."—Just published, showing at a glance the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; colored so as to designate the Free and Slave States; also the vast Territory which lies open to Freedom or Slavery. It also presents a vast amount of statistical matter, showing the advantage of Freedom over Slavery, together with Portraits of Fremont and Dayton.

Price, in sheet form, 25 cents.
Price, in pocket form, 50 cents.

Every person interested in the politics of our country, should possess a copy. Copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Address WILLIAM C. REYNOLDS, Publisher,
july12-3t No. 195 Broadway, New York.

SALOON SECRETS AND FARMERS' ENJOYMENT.—RECEIPTS. CIDER without apples, VINEGAR in three days without drugs, POP and BEER, YEAST, Chemical BURNING Composition, AGUE PILLS, MATCHES, EYE WATER, Green Mountain SALVE. Twenty years experience enables me to WARRANT entire satisfaction. All for $1. A. WOOD, Belle River, St. Clair Co., Mich. july12-4t

WANTED—AGENTS to sell Steel Plate Engravings, including the beautifully illustrated Engraving of the "Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments." An active person with a small capital can make $50 to $75 per month. For particulars, address D. H. MULFORD,
july12-4t No. 167 Broadway, New York.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE.

REV. E. J. KING, Principal.

FACULTY, TWENTY PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

☞ Superb Brick Buildings, well finished and furnished, located on the Hudson River, 17 miles north of Saratoga.

☞ Reduced fare from Troy and Castleton first day of Term.

☞ Whole expense per term of 14 weeks, for Board, Washing, Fuel, Furnished Room, Incidentals, and Tuition in Common English, $30,40 in advance. 15 cents per week extra for fuel when fires are needed in Students' rooms.

☞ Students received when there are vacancies, and charged for residue of the term.

CALENDAR FOR 1856.

Spring Term began March 20th; ends, July 2nd.
Fall Term begins August 14th; ends, November 19th.
Winter Term begins Dec 4th.

Apply to the Principal, "FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE,"
jel1-eow4t New York.

2,500 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED. To circulate RAPID SELLING Valuable Family Works, which attract by their *low prices, interesting contents* and SUPERBLY COLORED PLATES. For full particulars, apply, if you live East, to Henry Howe, 102 Nassau St., New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

WANTED—900 TRAVELLING AND 300 LOCAL AGENTS.—For particulars, enclose postage stamp, and address C. DREW & CO.,
jel1-3t No. 338 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON, *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

The proprietor in calling the attention of the public to this preparation, does so with a feeling of the utmost confidence in its virtues and adaptation to the diseases for which it is recommended.

It is no new and untried article, but one that has stood the test of a ten years' trial before the American people, and its reputation and sale is unrivalled by any similar preparations extant, in fact, there is scarcely a hamlet in the Union, that has not its living witnesses of the great virtues of the Bitters exhibited in the performance of some great and unexpected cure.

The mass of testimony, entirely voluntary, in possession of the proprietor, extolling and vouching for the great curative powers of this remedy, is immense, embracing names well known to science and fame, celebrated physicians and distinguished clergymen.

READ THE FOLLOWING
Certificate of RALPH LUTE, Esq., Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," Ironton, Ohio.

Ironton, Oct. 30, 1854.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—The Bitters are in great demand here. In addition to the quantities sold by Bagley & Barber, your agents, the two other stores sell more of them than any other medicine. I find they are much used by convalescent fever patients to rebuild their broken constitutions. I have used during the last summer, in my own family, four bottles. They were recommended to me first by a neighbor, at a time when my system was much debilitated from the effects of a severe Bilious Fever. They gave me an appetite, and restored a tone and vigor to my whole system. In one of the September numbers of my paper I related my experience of the good effects of the Bitters, since which time they have had a large sale, and have now become the standard medicine in this vicinity.

In conclusion, I would say that I feel great pleasure in giving you this testimony of the value and success of your preparation.

Respectfully, yours, RALPH LUTE.

NEVER FAILS IN DYSPEPSIA.

Salem, N. J., Feb. 24, 1855.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in sending you these few lines, recommending to all afflicted with that terrible disease, Dyspepsia, the valuable properties of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. For a long time I was severely afflicted with that disease, and in expectation of obtaining some relief, used a great many preparations highly recommended for that purpose—but all in vain. Being advised to try the German Bitters, I reluctantly purchased a bottle. I felt so much relieved by the use of that, that I obtained more of it, and now, after having taken five bottles, I feel as I consider myself a healthier man than I have been for the last ten years.

Yours, respectfully, ANDREW YOUNSON.

THEY ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

And free from Alcoholic Stimulant, and all injurious ingredients. Are pleasant in taste and smell; mild in their operation; will expel all morbid secretions from the body, give bloom to the pallid cheek, and health and vigor to the frame. Price 75 cents per bottle.

For sale by druggists, dealers and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas.

REMOVAL.

Principal Office and Depot for the sale of "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS," has been removed from No. 120 to the New Building, erected by the proprietor, No. 96 Arch Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. ap19-ly

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

This American invention stands unrivalled, both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,500 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English, and German manufacture, it received the award of the GREAT MEDAL at the World's Exhibition in London, as the *best artificial limb known*. In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest* or *first premium*. And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

B. FRANK PALMER,
oct18-ly 376 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Letter from England.

RAIN AND SUNSHINE—FLOWERS IN LONDON—ENGLISH HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES—ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS—ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS—FOREIGN VISITORS—FLOWER SHOW IN REGENT'S PARK—NATIONAL TASTES.

LONDON, June 20, 1856.

Messrs. Eds. Sat. Eve. Post:

Sunshine is a welcome and capricious visitor in most places, but nowhere, perhaps, so much so as in this green and foggy little island of Great Britain. Many have been the petitions addressed, during the last ten days, to all the Divinities of blue skies and bright sunshine, who have, according to custom, bestowed their gifts with very little regard to their petitioners. The royal cavalcade, and brilliant crowd of gay visitors, who annually throng to Ascot Heath, were piteously routed and put to flight by sudden gusts of sullen, sturdy rain, while, since the great event of the "season" of lovers of horses and gay sights, there have been a few days of bright, soft sunlight, such as is occasionally granted even to smoky London, in that most uncertain season, English summer. By none was this rare favor more thankfully received than by the "Royal Botanic Society," one of the beautiful Annual Exhibitions, which has been the great attraction of the week. The perfection to which the culture of flowers and fruit is carried in England, is a striking proof of what can be done in spite of natural obstacles.

A stranger, knowing only the unfavorable climate, is astonished on visiting Covent Garden Market, to find himself, at almost any season of the year, in the midst of a display of fruit and flowers, whose brilliance and perfume seem worthy of the tropics, and whose rich, delicate beauty seem almost out of place amidst the wet overcoats, dripping umbrellas, and muddy shoes, that so often form the equipments of their crowds of admirers. The great development of these beautiful branches of agriculture is owing, mainly, to the exertions and influence of two modern Societies—the Royal Horticultural Society, founded in 1820, and its friendly rival, the Royal Botanic Society, of London, founded some 25 years ago. The gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society are at Cheswick, and their great Annual Exhibition draws always crowds of flower-lovers from all over the country. The Botanic Society, of London, is, as its name indicates, essentially connected with the metropolis. Its object was to enable students and flower-loving residents of this great Babel the opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with their favorite science, and of developing a taste for Horticulture among the citizens. It is now a large and wealthy Society, and its grounds, in the Regent's Park, form one of the most beautiful resorts of those who seek for fresh air and green walks in the midst of the city itself. The Botanic Gardens comprise about eighteen acres, and are a specimen of what English landscape gardening can effect. They were the land of a nurseryman, and were, in fact, merely a broad open field, slightly sloping to the west, a fact hardly credited by a visitor wandering through the sunny slopes and shady dells. The approach is by a beautiful drive through the Park, bordered on either hand by the glorious old hawthorns which form its pride, whose masses of pink or white blossoms fill the air with their fragrance. Entering the pretty rustic lodge, and passing the graceful, ivy-covered screen that veils the gate, the visitor finds himself on a broad, gravel walk, on the right, a sloping upland crowned by masses of flowering shrubs, at the base of which, through drooping willows, he catches a glimpse of a little reedy lake; while on the other hand, lie green lawns, sloping down to undulating grounds beyond. At the end of the path rises the terrace, on which is erected the "winter garden," a large glass building, three hundred feet long, by two hundred feet wide, with a central dome, filled with tropical plants, and fragrant with tropical blossoms. Standing upon the terrace, upon which the building is erected, the eyes wander across the gardens, over the open uplands of Primrose Hill, Highgate, and Hampstead, to the classic heights of Harrow, and it is difficult to conceive, looking across these broad, open grounds, from the midst of these fresh, green lawns, brilliant with flowers, shady with noble old trees, that you are in the centre of an immense city. Beyond the terrace are lawns and spiral beds, devoted to the reception of botanical specimens, containing nearly 10,000 plants, arranged according to the botanical system of De Candolle, so that professors and students may turn from their books, and dry, dusty specimens, to pursue their studies amidst the fresh beauty of life. On the left of the central building, winding paths lead now through a shady dell, arched by a rocky bridge; now through masses of verdant foliage upon a gentle slope, to a hollow amphitheatre, devoted to American plants, and glowing, at this season, with magnificent rhododendrons, azaleas, floras, &c., that seem to bring around one the forests of Brazil. Still farther is the rosary, one of the great attractions of the Gardens during the latter part of the summer. It is hardly credible that all this beautiful variety of surface, dells, slopes, lakes everything, is the work of art. On certain days of the week, the regimental bands play in these Gardens, and crowds of people promenade their broad walks, and winding paths. But to judge of the results of the Society, in its influence upon horticulture and fruit raising, the visitor must see their Exhibitions. Of these there are four every summer. The first for early flowers, in May, the second for American flowers, which seem to form a special and favorite branch of horticulture among English gardeners. The third and fourth are for flowers and fruit. The third Exhibition of the year took place this week. Behind the "Winter Garden" an immense tent was erected, above an amphitheatre, especially constructed for these Exhibitions. It is, in fact, a hollow amphitheatre of turf terraces, with a gravel path winding between them, sinking from the entrances at the two ends of the tent toward the centre. These terraces of fresh, green turf are only the foundations of the endless masses of flowers and shrubs exhibited, and which are artistically set in the turf itself, so that it would appear as if they had grown there. The whole arrangement of the flowers is really a work of art, and anything more like a glimpse into fairyland than the view from the entrance can hardly be conceived. Here, bank above bank of roses, of matchless perfection, there masses of orchids, with their delicate colors, and strange, fantastic forms, looking like the wild creations of old German romance, terraces of geraniums, whose velvety petals, with their vivid tints, might tempt fairies to steal them for their mantles. Glowing cacti, jasmines of a size, and perfume worthy of the south—endless is the profusion of flowers, one group more beautiful than another, each individual plant seeming to be a perfect specimen of floral perfection. Another large tent in the neighborhood is devoted to the fruit exhibition, where the magnificent piles of strawberries, cherries, &c., and hot-house fruit of every kind, by their size and perfection, and their tempting perfume, remind one of the banquets of Paradise. Some 20,000 people visited this lovely show, and the streams of gay toilettes that poured through the shady tents and covered lawns, added not a little to the brilliance of the scene. Not the least interesting of the many groups who thronged the Gardens, was that of the Orleans family. The old Queen Marie Amelie, with her pale, gentle face, gray hair, and the tall, slightly bent figure, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, and the Prince and Princess Joinville, visited the Exhibition early in the afternoon. The Queen rarely makes her appearance in public places or assemblies, and it is curious to observe the difference between her appearance and that of the other members of the family. Her sons, though their faces bear marks of the storms they have passed through, evidently belong to this world still, and take a conscious and vivid interest in what passes around them, but the face and manner of the old Queen bear a sort of absorbed and absent expression, even while occupied by the scene around her, that is a touching reminder of how completely she belongs to the past.

It is not a little curious to notice the varied characters of the crowds that such a show draws together in London. Here groups of brilliant dresses, and fair, pale faces collected round the bands, to whom belong, evidently, the crowd of splendid equipages and army of liveried footmen that besiege the entrance, there parties of quiet looking men taking notes in little books, are evidently those to whom the bright show is a matter of serious business; parties of French refugees, with fierce looking beards, stop their eager talk to look curiously after their royal adversaries, both parties alike driven from the theatre of their quarrels. Italian exiles, Hungarians, Turks, all Europe seems to be represented in any great gathering on English soil.

The Exhibition, however, is a very important matter to English gardeners, the prizes distributed, gold and silver medals to the value of about $500, being eagerly contested, and the emulation between the public gardeners who supply London, and the private gardeners of the wealthy classes, running very high. But the exhibitions of the Botanic and Horticultural Societies are not interesting merely as matters of luxury and show. They have had an important influence in developing that universal taste for flowers and gardening that is one of the most artistic and graceful characteristics of the serious English character, and which is peculiarly a national taste, powerful even in the very poorest classes of the crowded cities, and valuable as all such tastes that popularize a love of art and of nature must be. And no one who enters the broad walks of the Park, and passes from them into the beautiful gardens of the Botanic Society, fresh from the crowded streets that stretch their interminable length of brick and mortar around them, but will feel how excellent a moral influence must be exerted upon their crowded denizens by anything that brings into their very midst the quiet, beautiful influence of lovely natural objects.

Col. Fremont's Letter of Acceptance.

The following letter from Col. Fremont was lately received by the Committee appointed to formally notify him of his nomination:

NEW YORK, July 8, 1856.

Gentlemen:—You call me to a high responsibility by placing me in the van of a great movement of the people of the United States, who, without regard to past differences, are uniting in a common effort to bring back the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson. Comprehending the magnitude of the trust which they have declared themselves willing to place in my hands, and deeply sensible to the honor which their unreserved confidence in this threatening position of the public affairs implies, I feel that I cannot better respond than by a sincere declaration that, in the event of my election to the Presidency, I should enter upon the execution of its duties with a single-hearted determination to promote the good of the whole country, and to direct solely to this end all the power of the Government, irrespective of party issues, and regardless of sectional strifes. The declaration of principles embodied in the resolves of your Convention, expresses the sentiments in which I have been educated, and which have been ripened into convictions by personal observation and experience. With this declaration and avowal, I think it necessary to revert to only two of the subjects embraced in these resolutions, and to those only because events have surrounded them with grave and critical circumstances, and given to them especial importance.

I concur in the views of the Convention deprecating the foreign policy to which it adverts. The assumption that we have a right to take from another nation its domains because we want them, is an abandonment of the honest character which our country has acquired. To provoke hostilities by unjust assumptions, would be to sacrifice the peace and character of the country, when all its interests might be more certainly secured, and its objects attained, by just and healing counsels, involving no loss of reputation.

International embarrassments are mainly the results of a secret diplomacy which aims to keep from the knowledge of the people the operations of the Government. This system is inconsistent with the character of our institutions, and is itself yielding gradually to a more enlightened public opinion, and to the power of a free press, which, by its broad dissemination of political intelligence, secures in advance to the side of justice the judgment of the civilized world. An honest, firm and open policy in our foreign relations would command the united support of the nation, whose deliberate opinions it would necessarily reflect.

Nothing is clearer, in the history of our institutions, than the design of the nation in asserting its own independence and freedom, to avoid giving countenance to the extension of slavery. The influence of the small but compact and powerful class of men interested in slavery, who command one section of the country, and wield a vast political control as a consequence in the other, is now directed to turn back this impulse of the Revolution and reverse its principles. The extension of slavery across the continent is the object of the power which now rules the Government; and from this spirit has sprung those kindred wrongs in Kansas, so truly portrayed in one of your resolutions, which prove that the elements of the most arbitrary governments have not been vanquished by the just theory of our own.

It would be out of place here to pledge myself to any particular policy that has been suggested to terminate the sectional controversy engendered by political animosities, operating upon a powerful class banded together by a common interest. A practical remedy is the admission of Kansas into the Union as a Free State. The South should, in my judgment, earnestly desire such consummation. It would vindicate its good faith—it would correct the mistake of the repeal; and the North, having practically the benefit of the agreement between the two sections, would be satisfied, and good feeling be restored. The measure is perfectly consistent with the honor of the South, and vital to its interests. That fatal act which gave birth to this purely sectional strife, originating in the scheme to take from free labor the country secured to it by a solemn covenant, cannot be too soon disarmed of its pernicious force. The only genial region of the middle latitudes left to the emigrants of the Northern States for homes cannot be conquered from the free laborers who have so long considered it as set apart for them in our inheritance, without provoking a desperate struggle.

Whatever may be the persistence of the particular class which seems ready to hazard everything for the success of the unjust scheme it has partially effected, I firmly believe that the great heart of the nation, which throbs with the patriotism of the free men of both sections, will have power to overcome it. They will look to the rights secured to them by the Constitution of the Union, as their best safeguard from the oppression of the class which—by a monopoly of the soil and of slave labor to till it—might in time reduce them to the extremity of laboring upon the same terms with the slaves. The great body of non-slaveholding free men, including those of the South, upon whose welfare slavery is an oppression, will discover that the power of the General Government over the public lands may be beneficially exerted to advance their interests and secure their independence. Knowing this, their suffrages will not be wanting to maintain that authority in the Union which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of their own liberties, and which has more than once indicated the purpose of disposing of the public lands in such a way as would make every settler upon them a freeholder.

If the people entrust to me the administration of the government, the laws of Congress in relation to the Territories will be faithfully executed. All its authority will be exerted in aid of the national will to re-establish the peace of the country on the just principles which have heretofore received the sanction of the Federal Government, of the States, and of the people of both sections. Such a policy would leave no aliment to that sectional party which seeks its aggrandizement by appropriating the new Territories to capital in the form of slavery, but would inevitably result in the triumph of free labor—the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions.

Trusting that I have a heart capable of comprehending our whole country, with its varied interests, and confident that patriotism exists in all parts of the Union, I accept the nomination of your Convention, in the hope that I may be enabled to serve usefully its cause, which I consider the cause of constitutional freedom.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. FREMONT.

To Messrs. H. S. Lane, President of the Convention, James M. Ashley, Anthony J. Bleecker, Joseph C. Hornblower, E. R. Hoar, Thaddeus Stevens, Kingsley S. Bingham, John A. Wills, C. F. Cleveland, Cyrus Aldrich; a Committee, &c.

BROOKS CENSURED AND RE-ELECTED.—On Monday last the vote was taken upon expelling Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina. There were yeas 121, nays 95—not the two-thirds required by the Constitution. Mr. English's substitute, that the House declares its disapprobation of the assault on Senator Sumner, and deems this a fit occasion to express its disapprobation of the use of language in debate personally offensive to individual members of Congress or States of the Union, was rejected—yeas 85, nays 114.

The substitute of the minority of the Committee for the resolutions reported by the majority, viz: that the House has no jurisdiction over the assault committed by Mr. Brooks upon Senator Sumner, and therefore deems it improper to express any opinion on the subject, was voted on and rejected—yeas 66, nays 145.

Mr. Brooks then rose and made a speech, saying that foreseeing this result, he had some time ago sent in his resignation to the Governor of South Carolina. The following are extracts from his speech:—

"When, he remarked, the people of the great North speak of me as a bad man, they will do me the justice to say that a blow from me at this time would be followed by a revolution, and they know it. (Applause, seemingly confined to the galleries.) But no act of mine shall favor the revolution. I am not willing to see the Constitution wounded through me. He would say to the House, that the axe uplifted over him may fall on them. He had only to say that he could not retain his seat consistently with his self-respect and his rights under the Constitution. If I desired to kill the Senator from Massachusetts, why did I not do it? You all admit that I had it in my power. Let me tell the gentleman from New Jersey, that expressly to prevent the taking of life, I took an ordinary cane presented to me by a friend in Baltimore; I went to the Senate deliberately. I hesitated whether I should use a horse-whip or a cowhide; knowing the strength of the Senator to be superior to mine, I thought he might wrest it from me. If he had, I might have done what I should have regretted for the remainder of my life."

Mr. Brooks was very abusive of Mr. Woodruff, who had declined to accept his challenge—believing, with nearly all Northern men, that duelling is a murderous and dishonorable mode.

The resolution of the Committee declaring disapprobation of the conduct of Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt was taken up. A motion to table the resolution was rejected, yeas 86, nays 111, and pending the question, the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The jury in the case of Herbert, charged with murder, is still out. The jury, it is said, stand ten for acquittal and two for conviction.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—A letter in the Republican, dated Palermo, Kansas, says that General Lane had entered the Territory with several hundred men, and was heard to say he would take Kansas, or die.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The North American National Committee have engaged a suite of rooms here, and are preparing for the approaching campaign. The question of the Vice-Presidency has not yet been settled.

TRIAL OF MR. BROOKS FOR THE ASSAULT ON MR. SUMNER.—The Hon. Preston S. Brooks appeared before Judge Crawford, of Washington, on the morning of July 8th, to answer to the charge of assault on the Hon. Charles Sumner. Mr. Brooks was accompanied by Senator Butler, and a number of other friends.

The District Attorney appeared for the United States, and John A. Linton, Esq., and Hon. Mr. Orr, of S. C., for defence.

The District Attorney read the correspondence that had passed between him and Mr. Sumner—a letter from Mr. Sumner, dated Silver Spring, June 30, in which he expressed his inability to attend on the day assigned for the trial; a letter from the District Attorney to Mr. Sumner, stating that witnesses were in waiting from a distance, who were anxious to be examined, and inquiring what day his health would permit him to appear, and if he would be willing to accept the proposition of defendant's counsel to submit the case upon the evidence before the House Committee; a letter from Mr. Sumner, in reply, expressing surprise at the communication of the District Attorney; that he (Sumner) had nothing to do with the case, directly or indirectly; that its whole conduct belonged to the Attorney of the United States; a letter from Mr. Key, replying that though the conduct of the case belonged to the Attorney of the United States, he did not suppose that in any case the desire of a public prosecutor to confer with and consult the wishes of the injured party would excite surprise; that having received no answer to his inquiries, the trial would proceed on the 8th of July, at which time he hoped Mr. Sumner would be able to attend; a letter from Mr. Sumner that he would not probably be able to attend at that time, and reiterating his desire not to take any part in the proceedings.

William Y. Leader, James W. Simonton, Hon. L. M. Keith, Senator Pearce, Senator Toombs, Dr. Boyle, Dr. Lindsay, and Senator Benjamin, were examined, the evidence being substantially the same as that elicited before the Congressional Committee.

Mr. Brooks made a short speech, regretting Mr. Sumner's absence. He had hoped to have the benefit of interrogating him concerning his testimony before the House Committee. He took the ground that there are some offences for which the law affords no adequate remedy, and said that while he had a heart to feel and a hand to strike, he would redress the wrongs of his political mother from the effort to cover her with obloquy and dishonor. His property might be squandered, his life endangered, but he would be true to her who bore him. He bowed to the majesty of the law, and would so receive his sentence.

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Brooke's remarks, Judge Crawford proceeded to give the following decision:

"As this matter will be, within a short time, the subject of investigation in another place, and as it is not necessary to the discharge of my duty that I should remark on the evidence adduced, which I could not do without touching on some of the points that will probably be raised elsewhere, it appears to me to be proper that the sentence of the Court should be pronounced without comment. The sentence is, that the defendant pay a fine of $300."

Mr. Brooks then retired with his friends.

THE BROOKS FINE.—The National Intelligencer, which has been very reserved when speaking of the Brooks assault on Mr. Sumner, speaks as follows of Judge Crawford's judgment:

"Touching the judgment of the Court, we are bound to say that it has certainly fallen short of the public anticipation—not the anticipation, still less the wish, of partisans or zealots, but of the calm and judicious men who are capable of respecting the wounded sensibilities of a high-spirited gentleman, not less than the public decorum, and the immunity of the Senator and the Senate house."

THE OLD HORSE.—While Col. Benton was speaking the other day, in one of the Missouri towns, the platform gave way, but the old war horse was unhurt, and declared that it was his prerogative to break through platforms; that he was bred to the Constitution, and did not suffer apostate renegades and mercenaries, with the pen feathers hardly covered by the livery of office, to define or originate his political principles!

☞ "Music," says Addison, "is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their mental or religious feelings."

☞ LIFE.—A farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; a tragedy to the poor.—*The Train.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 169 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull:

Loans.	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, July 14th, 1856.

The market generally continues inactive, and without much change under the recent advices from abroad. In Dry Goods the fall business has not yet opened; the imports continue large.

[illegible]

The Anthracite coal receipts this week, from the Lehigh and Schuylkill Regions, were as follows:—

	This Week.	Season.
Lehigh Canal	[illegible]	[illegible]
Schuylkill Canal	[illegible]	[illegible]
Reading Railroad	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]

This is the lightest week, especially on the Railroad, since the season became active. The reason is probably to be found in the recurrence of the Fourth of July, which always suspends business for one day, and materially diminishes that of two or three days.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. D. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL, No. 77 Dock Street.

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The farmers are engaged in harvesting their crops, and the market generally is not so well supplied. [illegible]

PRIZE FIGHT.—Another prize-fight disgraced New York on the 13th inst—Sunday! It took place on Riker's Island, near the city. The names of the principals (who made their escape) are not known. Some twenty lookers-on were arrested.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, by WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.	VIRGINIA.
NEW JERSEY.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
DELAWARE.	GEORGIA.
MARYLAND.	ALABAMA.
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	MISSISSIPPI.
NEW YORK.	LOUISIANA.
MAINE.	OHIO.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	KENTUCKY.
VERMONT.	INDIANA.
CONNECTICUT.	ILLINOIS.
MASSACHUSETTS.	MISSOURI.
RHODE ISLAND.	TENNESSEE.
CANADA.	MICHIGAN.
NORTH CAROLINA.	ARKANSAS.
	WISCONSIN.
	TEXAS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR.—[illegible]

GRAIN.—[illegible]

HIDES.—[illegible]

MOLASSES.—[illegible]

COFFEE.—[illegible]

SUGARS.—[illegible]

WHISKEY.—[illegible]

PROVISIONS.—[illegible]

HOPS.—[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

[illegible]

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves.
Pennsylvania,	[illegible]
Virginia,	[illegible]
Ohio,	[illegible]
Kentucky,	[illegible]
Total Beeves,	[illegible]
Cows and Calves,	[illegible]
Hogs,	[illegible]
Sheep and Lambs,	[illegible]

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—[illegible]

PRICES.—[illegible]

AT BROWNING'S.—[illegible]

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—[illegible]

AT O'BRIEN'S.—[illegible]

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves	Veal Calves	Sheep and Lambs
Allerton's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Browning's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chamberlain's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
O'Brien's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE MARKET.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]